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AN ADDRESS TO THE SENATORS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

IN the course of another month you will be convened to deliberate on the weighty matters of the State. In the mean time allow us to address you in a few remarks on the results of the late general election, their probable consequences, and the conduct of all parties, with other matters of equal importance. We would not disguise from ourselves the truth, however disagreeable that truth may be. We therefore willingly admit that the Conservative cause has not suffered by the issue; in the House of Commons the relative strength of parties is pretty nearly the same as before. We shall not stop to consider whether the majority in favour of the Ministry, small as it is, be an Irish, Scotch, a Welch, or an English majority; nor do we experience any anxiety to know whether the one side or the other have more English members. The empire is *one*, and must be looked upon as a whole, and not in parts. We are for plain argument and fair reasoning; we have no prejudices; but we are desirous of acting on a conviction of what is right, and to support the cause which we believe to be just. We reject false colours, meretricious ornaments, and delusive lights, and wish to speak forth the words of soberness and truth. It is of far more importance to the Conservatives to learn not that they have a large majority of English county-members, because each county-member reckons no more on their side than a borough-member in a division, and weighs no heavier, but that taking county-votes and borough-votes, the aggregate number of each given to the friends of the Ministry and Radicals, as compared with the aggregate number of each given to Tories, the Ministerialists are elected by a majority of voters. Such being the fact, should the Conservatives by a single vote attempt to compel the present Ministry to resign?

With respect to the great question of the Amendment of the recently enacted Poor Law Bill, it may not be without use to some of our readers, if we make a few comments on the subject. We shall at the same time feel that we better discharge towards the public our duties as journalists and political reviewers, if we, in discussing topics of domestic policy, do not omit one of so much importance to the British Empire. All men of reasonable mind are ready to allow on

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the broad Christian principle the right of the poor, in a Christian community, by positive enactment, to relief; all are ready to admit that, when the poor are overtaken by the infirmities of age, the incapacities of sickness, or the sudden derangements to which from various circumstances trade and commerce are subject, they should, on the principles of policy and legislation, of humanity and charity, be entitled to relief. Mankind, however, indulging in theoretical speculations, or guided by the lights of experience, may and do differ very widely as to the best mode of affording the requisite relief, though all would agree that the old system of distributing that succour, if not vicious in principle, was mischievous in results. The danger of continuing that system became so imminent, and the practicability of continuing it became so doubtful, that a thorough change was decided upon, and the Bill in question has, after elaborate discussion, effected that change. But it was effected with the concurrence of the leading men of all parties. If the Whigs, who were in office, proposed the measure to Parliament as a Ministerial one, it passed into a legislative enactment by the powerful aid and with the consent of Hume, Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington; and they have subsequently in Parliament borne a frank and willing testimony to the good results of the Bill in general. It may therefore appear difficult to find grievous fault with a Bill passed under such auspices, and [in such circumstances, and approved by such supporters of the Conservative cause. We are, moreover, too honest to throw upon the Whigs the entire blame of any partial evil connected with the administration of the Bill, as if the Conservatives had been without reproach in the business. A Select Committee of the House of Commons has inquired into the practical working of the Bill; the evidence which has been obtained affords ample matter for the reflection of both parties. Our feeling is, that on such a vitally important and truly national subject, we should dismiss from our thoughts all narrow-minded views, and all sectarian principles; and looking, with generous and magnanimous patriotism, only to what the public interest and the public expediency recommend, resist alike the importunities of public clamour, if it be founded on ignorance, and the temptation to employ that public clamour as an instrument for the purpose of political faction. Let us carefully canvass the principle of every clause in the Bill itself, and compare the contemplated with the practical results:—wherever we detect too much power to be placed in the hands of those who are to administer the Bill, let us at once reduce it by a farther enactment. If, in some instances, too little discretion be left to those administrators, let us at once remedy the evil; if we discover that the Bill works well in the rural districts, let us consider whether it be equally necessary, efficacious, or promising in the manufacturing towns, and the cities of denser population, though unconnected with trade. If the customary weekly allowances be, by the operation of the Bill, in the shape of out-door relief, withheld from meritorious objects; if wives be separated from husbands*—a measure which appears to be too severe and most inexpedient in any condition of things—whether the separation be an accidental or an intentional result of the Bill; if the Bastardy-

* We particularly refer our readers to the heart-rending case of Mr. Doggett, who after being a rate payer for 40 years was refused, by the keeper of the Deptford workhouse, to see his wife till after she was dead.—See *The Times* of Sep. 22.

clauses have really caused so much infanticide as we have no reason to doubt that they have—it surely becomes the benevolence of Christian philanthropists, and the patriotism of practical statesmen, to inquire into these matters with an earnest desire to make the enactment, if it be possible, as perfect in its intentions and objects as the importance of it prompts, and as beneficial in its operations and results as the necessities of the times and circumstances demand. But we will not use the Bill as a combustible for popular excitement against any Ministry, nor as an engine for the attainment of political power; nor do we desire to crawl into the good opinion of the Conservatives by mean devices, and by passing over the slime and mutilated remains of the corpses of the Whigs. We however strenuously urge the necessity of an amendment to the Bastardy-clauses as they exist at present. The ruthless seducer of innocence should not be permitted to triumph with impunity in his turpitude, nor should an evil-principled female be allowed to reap profits by her guilt. A heavy fine ought to be imposed upon the licentious youth whose selfish passions must be gratified by the ruin of virgin chastity, which fine should devolve to the Crown. The Senator who would not allow, on the part of the female, an opportunity of holding up to public infamy a miscreant who, from the first moment he saw his victim, ceased neither day nor night by stratagem, by influence, by promises, and by threatenings, till he had accomplished his fiend-like purpose, merits not the name! The indirect protection, which is at present afforded the seducer, is a direct encouragement of the crime; and in its consequences, the less guilty of the two, is the one who is the more severely punished. The former laughs at the confiding girl whose ruin he has effected: the latter is exposed to shame, obloquy, penury, and want!

“How deceitful is the human heart! Man walks forth,” says the author of *My Book*,—“in his own opinion honest and honourable,—he would not be guilty of an action that in the remotest degree could be misconstrued; yet, towards the female sex he thinks any fraud is admissible that can rob her of her honour—without at all detracting from his honourable position in society; he thinks too with the poet, that ‘at all love’s perjuries Jove laughs.’ The Legislature—by a law recently enacted—decrees the whole burthen of proof on the female; a law to protect the seducer—because lordly man may have *occasionally* been wrongly charged—when, from the beginning of the world, woman has been his victim: is it fitting for an occasional wrong—against a systematic wrong—thus to enact? They pretend it is to deter them from giving way to the seducer; but is it not a fact, that it has led to the increase of crime in *suicide* and *murder*? What time of the day does the seducer choose?—what character does he assume?—and who is the female that is the subject of his wiles? He goes by night—and in darkness—lies in wait till he can meet her—gives any name but his own—makes the poor fond creature believe *he is a gentleman*; which at this moment the villain certainly is not—and the poor unprotected girl ‘is lured by a villain from her native home?’” *Page 69.*

These excellent remarks, without our assistance, demand an immediate alteration of a clause which encourages crime by visiting its

penalties in the improper quarter,—which fills the police offices with wretched girls charged as infanticides,—and drives the distracted and abandoned fair one to end her days in the blood of an impenitent suicide!

Let us now pass on to another and less gloomy subject.

We would recommend the introduction of Municipal Reform in Ireland, and with it the adjustment of the disputes respecting the Irish Established Church, considering that in Ireland the Catholics are six or seven times as numerous as the Protestants. At the same time we would strenuously urge the protection of that church and the preservation of its constitution. We are not blind to the danger in which it is now placed, from the continued attempts of the small minority to maintain its ascendancy, and that even by force of arms. We conceive that additional examples of Christian forbearance and charity, on the side of the Protestants, and the avoidance of all exciting topics of dispute, will not be without a beneficial effect in producing a corresponding temperament in the minds of their Roman Catholic neighbours: the hardest rock may be softened or hollowed by continual drops of water; “the precious dew” of Christian Charity has a fertilizing power even over the sandy desert and the Arabia Petraea of a Roman Catholic’s heart! The cause of Christianity, we think, has never thriven well where the sword has paved the way for it; and we are rather inclined to prefer the primitive and agricultural process of “sowing good seed, and looking for the fruits in due season.”

But to proceed. We deprecate all attempts to calumniate the characters, or misrepresent the conduct of those who are politically opposed to us, or to describe them as men without influence and power, when in too many instances they *have* the influence and power which property, a numerous tenantry, a fair name, and a bright example of public and private virtue confer, and must ever confer in a well-regulated community. Such calumnies stir up the slumbering zeal of friends to increase the mischief of results which would have been inconsiderable or harmless, and to secure a triumph which might have been a defeat.

An influential journal has long been endeavouring to lessen the power possessed by O’Connell, through the medium of ridicule the most pointed, and declamation the most rabid. Its editor has laboured with the weight of his own ideas amidst convolutions, evolutions, involutions, and revolutions—a piteous spectacle to the gods of Olympus!—till he has well-nigh burst with his powerful throes. The flowers of rhetorical vituperation have been scattered with a prodigal hand,—the vocabularies of slang have been exhausted,—the awful thunder of Jupiter has rolled in continuous peals,—the red bolt has been shot at the devoted head of the great agitator; but the agitator is still unscared and unscathed. The result, as it has been exhibited in the recent Irish elections, is, that only two joints of his tail have been cut off, while he has gained nine votes to his cause. He must therefore be opposed with more legitimate weapons, or else, by injudicious conduct, we shall increase his dreaded influence, and add to the amount of the public danger. One of the true methods of contending with the wiliness of the serpent is to exhibit in ourselves the harmlessness of the dove.

We have been assured by good authority that the process of subduing the ferocity of a wild elephant is to place him between two tamed ones that have been trained to the task; and may not the factious spirit of O'Connell be thus reduced, if he run in harness between the Tory and the Whig? But it has never yet been recommended by the authority alluded to, that one of the tamed and domesticated elephants should seek, like an ill-disciplined donkey, to effect the object by "kicking and wounding" the wilder animals "in wanton gambols of awkward vivacity."

And here we may remark, that we entertain very little doubt that the plan of creating fictitious votes in counties by the purchase of small freeholds, to give the right of suffrage to those who reside at a great distance, will be, when the abuse shall have reached an intolerable height, stopped by the interference of Parliament; and this abuse may be effectually controlled by raising the franchise for non-residents from forty shillings to forty pounds *per annum*. The result of that arrangement would be, that persons, who have no natural and legitimate connexions with particular counties, will not, for the mere sake of a vote, either purchase themselves, or easily find friends and agents to purchase for them, freeholds of such a value. The game will then be too expensive to be played to any great extent.

We are equally prepared to disavow any intention of declaiming against priestly domination in Ireland, because we see "enough, and more than enough," of it throughout the United Kingdom. The priests, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant,—whether in Great Britain or Ireland,—will, we fear, on occasions of general election, exercise all the influence they possess, spiritually or temporally, to promote the cause which their early prejudices or mature convictions approve, either as Tories or as Whigs. We consider it a species of lamentable desecration for sacerdotal power to be employed for political purposes in any country, though we would allow to every priest the right of voting for the fittest candidate according to his own ideas of that individual's competency, and the opportunity of influencing—but not in the pulpit, for there "far other aims his heart should learn to prize"—in private conversation, or in public assemblies, any minds which he could win to the cause that he himself embraces, by fair reasoning and decorous language. The *virus* of Irish Roman Catholic priests will not be extracted by our unmitigated abuse; they may indeed be in "the gall of bitterness," if we distil our own, and they might be in the "bonds of iniquity," if they were "within the reach of our mighty malice." Let the clergy of the Establishment in Ireland, as well as in Great Britain, set them the splendid example of soberness in thinking, of decency in speaking, of moderation in acting, and of propriety, prudence, forbearance, and Christian charity in conduct; and we shall not despair of their gradual amelioration in language, manners, deportment, and virtues. If they be wild beasts, their ferocity will *not* be increased by our gentleness, and may be diminished by our familiarity. If, in approaching us, they be not welcomed by missiles, nor speared in mere sport,—if they be allowed to run about our paths, and can repose within our haunts, they will perchance forget their native notes, their lupine howls, and leonine roars—drop "the

terror of their beaks," and dim the lightning of their eyes, be disrobed of their shaggy manes and rough skins, and lose their unsocial and savage habits.

We confess that we should entertain a poor idea of our own understanding, if we found ourselves believing that the fate of the Protestant Church in Ireland is bound up with the fate of the famous *Appropriation Clause* in the Irish Church Bill, and with the much agitated question of Irish Municipal Reform. We do not think so badly of the foundation of that church as to suppose that the Appropriation Clause would have the talismanic effect of converting it into a reed liable to be shaken with the wind. If its base be laid on a rock, Catholicism, though its billows beat ever so high, cannot overturn it; and if it have sustained no injury in less enlightened times amidst the violence of contending factions, the shedding of blood, and the devastation of property, it is not very likely that in our days, when the public mind is so much disabused of so many prejudices, and when superstition is disenchanted of her over-awing magic, and dismantled of her Gorgonian terrors,—when education has planted a firm foot in the land,—when institutions, establishments, and reading-rooms are springing up on every side,—when reviews and newspapers are diffusing information of every kind,—when the magistracy has been purified from the leaven of party-politics,—and when local justice is so much more impartially administered,—it is not very likely that the Protestant Church will sustain any grievous damage or receive any mortal wound, by the progressive marches of Reform. We know no better—no more pacific nor efficacious method of protecting the real interests of the Protestant Church, than by putting an end to the contentions about tithes and church-cess, *even if it be necessary to grant a compensation to the existing clergy, with the appointment of a Commission for keeping all the Churches throughout Ireland in repair, the expense of such repairs to be paid by the Government; we would further recommend, that one half of the commissioners be laymen, and the other half ministers, all belonging to the Established Church.*

In vain have we perused with microscopic eyes the annals of history and the mighty volume of nature, small fruit have we reaped from past experience, and to no good purpose have we conversed with mankind, if these methods fail in producing an instantaneous and permanent effect. In vain have we searched the Scriptures, and studied the religion of Christ, if we have learnt only to scent and track heresies with a blood-hound's speed, to denounce heretics with a bigot's hate, and lead the renegade to an ignominious scaffold with Pharisaic malice. If Christian Charity be, as we suspect, the *alpha* and *omega* of our Christian faith, then the duty of all true believers, whether ministers or laymen, whether of the Established or the Papal Church, will be rather the practice and inculcation of that Christian Charity than the promulgation of mystical theology, which will not assist the salvation of their souls. The imagination must not be fed with airy speculations, carrying men farther from the expediences and utilities of virtue and the amenities and amiabilities of piety, the higher they ascend and the deeper they dive. Far more good will be accomplished to the interest of the nation by pacific measures, than by preaching

crusades for the conversion of papists, or by perpetually reciting the history of papal enormities in primeval times.

The propriety of establishing Poor Laws in Ireland, is a point on which we now crave the permission of our readers, without incurring the censure of prolixity, to say a few words. We are well satisfied as to the necessity of some provision for the maintenance of the aged and infirm, of the sick and disabled poor of Ireland; but in surveying the peculiarities of the Irish population, the difference of feelings, habits, and manners in the Irish nation, we are not prepared to say that the English Poor Law Bill ought to be introduced *entire* into Ireland; and we are not sufficiently enlightened by knowledge and reflection to determine the exact portions of the Bill, which ought to be adopted amongst the Irish people, with a certain or reasonable hope of ultimate success. Much, however, might be done by the establishment of a Relief Society, somewhat resembling the Mendicity Society, under the sanction of Government, and acting on principles well laid down and defined in the Bill, which might authorize the proceeding. Much may also be accomplished by certain officers in each individual parish to be appointed by the parishioners themselves as guardians of the poor, and to be made amenable for any misconduct to the tribunal of stipendiary magistrates within the county to which the said parish shall belong. We would have no public workhouses nor poor-houses erected in Ireland; but whatever relief might be required by the necessitous poor, aged, infirm, sick, or disabled, we would have administered to them partly in money, partly in food, and partly in raiment, at their own doors, by the proper officers. Looking to the number of mendicants in Ireland, we should limit the relief in the way which we have stated, without extending it to the able-bodied poor who represented themselves to be in want of the means of subsistence: such cases would easily be disposed of by referring the applicants to the Relief Societies, of which the powers must, under the legislative enactment, be ample enough to afford relief, where relief should be proved to be necessary and proper.

The great advantage of this system would be that the impartiality of officers appointed by Government in the different Relief Societies would be secured for the benefit of the public, the officers themselves being made amenable to the Lord Lieutenant; and such impartiality is a point of consideration and importance in a country divided into family clans, hereditary factions, and political and religious parties deeply embittered against each other, with an immense superiority of Roman Catholic population in one parish and Protestant in another. The extensive mischief of such disproportion would be perfectly neutralized by the establishment of Relief Societies. Let the industrious and economical poor have the full advantage which they can derive from the multiplication of Savings' Banks so conducted as to prevent the possibility of loss to themselves by the imposition, fraud, or peculation of the officers connected with the Societies. Let all classes of the community, whether proprietors of land, houses, or warehouses, or even of money in the public securities, contribute annually in certain proportions to the creation of a fund to be placed in the hands of the Relief Society of the county within

which their property is situate, for the express purpose of affording to the necessitous poor, who are entitled to apply, that relief which might be expedient in their particular circumstances. There can be no doubt that such a fund, rightly administered by the Society of the district, would receive frequent accessions by munificent donations. The manufacturers, who would be so largely interested in the existence and activity of such a fund, which might be made quite available to their operatives, when unforeseen calamities—whether from hurricanes, explosions, conflagrations, or mischiefs—overtook them, might well be required to contribute a weekly sixpence for each labourer in their establishments, as the condition on which the operatives would alone be entitled in such circumstances to appeal to the fund of the County Relief Society. The monies of Benefit Societies, established by the operatives themselves, have been too often misappropriated by wanton profusion, misplaced by abused confidence, or abstracted by nefarious speculation; and they have perhaps only been applicable in cases of sickness to the sufferers themselves, or of death to the surviving families. In Ireland, from the peculiar position of things, a wise and provident legislature will take extraordinary means to guard against evils of which the correction may be left to chance as they occur in countries which are *differently* circumstanced. A main point is to satisfy all parties in Ireland that they can have impartial justice for outrage, full security against magisterial and individual oppression, and ample protection from the State when age shall have crippled their energies, or disease have incapacitated them from labour.

We should hope that the leading men of all parties in Ireland will be ready to entertain a project which seems to us to be well calculated to meet the difficulties besetting the thorny question, and which would tend greatly to annihilate those unchristian feelings which rankle in their bosoms. Little as we respect O'Connell, how usefully might he employ his time and talents in co-operating in such measures as now suggested, by which line of conduct he would raise to himself a monument more durable than brass. His behaviour hitherto has been singularly inconsistent—first in rejecting—then in advocating—then in objecting! But we will pardon him all the inconsistency which we have remarked if he will now use his best and sincerest endeavours to effect so great a boon to his *poorer* countrymen as a wise and satisfactory Poor Law Bill might be the means of accomplishing for them. Among the various modes of legitimate parliamentary warfare, we are certainly not disposed to reckon frivolous and vexatious objections to the registration of votes, causing great trouble and inconvenience, as well as a serious expenditure of time and money, to the individuals whose right of suffrage is impertinently questioned, but who nevertheless attend to prove, and succeed in establishing, their qualifications. Such individuals are likely to be highly elated in spirit proportionably to the defeat which they have given to their malicious opponents;—they are deeply embittered in feeling at the provoking necessity of being obliged to defend what ought not to have ever been a matter of dispute; and if their politics had a general or partial tendency to Conservatism, the salutary inclination is for ever destroyed, and determined

resolution succeeds to hesitation and doubt. At the next election such voters will be among the foremost in the cause of reform; an impulse will have been given to their dormant powers—they become active in business at committee-rooms, vociferous in applause at public meetings, strenuous in private applications—earnest, zealous, and persevering; they diffuse around their circle the same enthusiasm which burns within themselves,—they bear the torch and the standard; they brandish the sword, poise the javelin, or wield, with an Indian's yell, the mighty energies of the tomahawk. But when the period of registration has revolved, the same game, which was played against themselves, they are too often disposed to play against their opponents, by placing on the roll of the register unjust objections to their votes; and thus a caco-dæmoniack agency will continue to possess both parties until the evil swell to a size requiring the amputating knife of Parliament. A remedy *may* be found by subjecting the objector, who fails to substantiate his objections, to costs or a fine.

The battle of the Constitution, as Sir Robert Peel has wisely said, is to be fought in the registration-court; but it must be a fair fight—a fight in the light of day, such as Ajax loved, and in the sight of heaven. The impetuosity of Achilles may be expected to command success in the mortal combat with Hector; but the glory of the victory need not to have been tarnished by dragging the dead body thrice round the walls of Troy.

To maintain the Constitution we know is right. "A good cause," says the *Religio Medici*, "needs not to be pleaded by passion, and can ever sustain itself on a temperate dispute." Let this great maxim be ever present to our memory, and deeply imprinted in our minds; and let the truth of it be brilliantly evidenced in our conduct, so that—if he be thrice armed, whose side is just—he alone may be entitled to anticipate success who employs legitimate means in defence of a proper cause.

But let us not delude ourselves with the fond expectation, or buoy ourselves up with the mere hope of re-action. The isolated facts brought forward, with all the advantage of juxta-position, to establish the point, merely prove the exceptions: the changed results of the late elections in the particular boroughs, where Conservatives have defeated Whigs and Radicals, must be explained on a different principle. If we consider the anatomical truth, that "the spirits of the body are," in the language of the devout and eloquent Robert Hall, "collected at the heart," we shall perceive what is the proper inference to be drawn from the unchanged results in the metropolitan boroughs. The spirit of Reform is not laid in the Red Sea; it is not embosomed in the "vasty deep" beyond the power of evocation. If it recline on its couch, reposing with self-satisfaction, and surveying the work which it has already accomplished, it is nevertheless meditating fresh conquests—it has other laurels and trophies—other ovations and triumphs in prospect; it has other aims in purpose, resolve, and reserve; the note of preparation may be heard in the distance—the neighing and generous steeds are pawing the ground; and, "ere they start with their riders, a thousand steps are lost;" they smell the battle from afar—the Ides of November approach!

The great majority that carried the Reform Bill, in spite of the chivalrous and gallant stand made by the Conservatives, may possibly carry any other measure of Reform, when it determines to act with the energy of a single mind, in the pursuit of a single object, and with "a monarch's voice." Roused from their quietude, the people will come, neither with the cauldron of Medea, nor with the incantations of Canidia, nor with the ægis of Minerva, nor with the spirit of Arungzebe, who, "hushed" for seven long years "in grim repose," started at once from the recesses of a cave, like a lion,

"Fierce from his lair to lap the blood of kings;"

—they will come, neither sewing, like Cadmus, dragons' teeth, nor with Cromwellian stamp raising up armed legions; but "in panoply complete of heavenly temper" will they come;—they will come, vindicating usurped rights, and recovering delegated and misused power; they will come, asserting the aristocracy of mind, and the aristocracy of virtue!

If in this dubious and volcanic state of things, potentates tremble on their thrones, and dread approaching change,—if philanthropists be in vain exhorting to peace and union, the true and practical philosopher points to the right and sovereign remedies. He perceives the spirit and yields to the necessity of the times; he becomes convinced that the bold counsels of *ultraism* will precipitate the growing mischief; he knows that the re-attainment of place and power once possessed by the Conservatives is impracticable, and acts on the decided conviction of it; he sees that the real strength of the Conservatives will be best shown, felt, and exercised by the compact firmness, and the strict union of the immortal phalanx—by their incessant vigilance in attending and debating, by yielding with a good grace wherever the fair course of argument requires concession, and thus establishing an equitable right, in the like circumstances, to expect the same concessions from their opponents; he perceives the policy of abstaining from all topics of irritation, from all uncharitableness, and hatred; he encourages no vehemence of manner, nor virulence of language, whether in Parliament or out of it; he disclaims the practice of base manœuvres, adopts no mean subterfuges, employs no cunning mystification, and makes no pompous displays of boastfulness, and no ebullitions of menace or defiance; he steers the even course of a patriot, accomplishing whatever can be accomplished by argument and eloquence, by talent and prudence, by knowledge, by firmness, consistency, and wisdom—by honourable reputation and legitimate influence—by moderation and virtue—receiving the gratitude of his party—commanding the respect of his opponents, the "applause of listening senates," the admiration of Europe and the civilized world,—and securing the veneration of unborn ages to the cause of Christianity and Conservatism. For the present,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

We have the honour of remaining,

Your obedient humble servants,

B. J.

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE.

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE FIRST.—TATTERSALL'S.

(Continued from page 240.)

As there may be some who will view these "presentiments" as the operation of an ungracious spirit, and interpret their purpose into one of offence, a passing explanation may not come amiss here, while we pause upon the threshold of the second story. The essential difference between barbarism and civilization may be figuratively illustrated by a familiar comparison—the former as the house built upon the sands of discord and private wrong, the latter as a tower whose foundation is the rock of principle. Since Cadmus fixed the keystone of the great social arch, the "genus irritabile" has furnished the artificers by whom it has been preserved and embellished. As its uses increased, the craftsmen engaged upon it multiplied also, these labouring upon that which was useful, while others employed themselves with the decorative. In process of time there grew up a class who combined both callings. With such of course the responsibility became the greater, as the circle of their operations extended. Instead of at once entering upon those repairs which necessity might point to as requiring prompt and energetic measures, their method of proceeding was to be one of deliberate caution. Nothing was to be touched till plans and specifications were in the first instance exhibited, shewing the state of the particular work upon which they purposed engaging, that men, seeing the exigency of its condition, might form an estimate of their handiwork. If then, finding that a joist was faulty, to come at it they exposed to view a beam that was perfect, shall that be counted against them as a crime? If the superstructure were dangerous, shall there be cause of complaint that in effecting the remedy some portion of the basis which was safe might have been disturbed? Ought it not to be a praise rather than a reproach to the craftsman, that he laboured so to regulate his materials as to guard the sound from suffering by its proximity to that which was rotten? If there be whom these sketches displease, let him thus regard "the head and front of their offending."

To return to the point at which we parted in the last number, leaving hearsay and conjecture aside, what appeals directly to one's own observation serves to distinguish the nobleman of whom we were speaking from any modern instance in Turf story. If he be an extensive proprietor of race-horses, surely it is capable of invidious construction that any mystery should exist about it; and where, if not around the patent of nobility, should be inscribed the motto which is the spirit of honour, "Non sine crimine solum, sed etiam sine labe?" If he be not personally connected with the Turf, then does he exhibit an example of disinterested magnificence of which that class of Sporting is without a parallel. There is no secret that the splendid Waterloo Shield run for at the last meeting at Goodwood was the

free gift of Lord George Bentinck. The value of this prize was stated at about *twelve hundred guineas*, being the most valuable *Plate* ever raced for. Now if the giver were an extensive Stud proprietor, or one whose heavy Turf speculations made it good policy that he cultivate a particular popularity, taking our data from the ordinary motives of human actions, we might arrive at the incitement to the Eastern magnificence of his donation. Were the giver politically or otherwise linked with the county of Sussex, we might understand why Goodwood was selected as the arena of such *unique* liberality. Neither being the case, the least that can be said is that his good-breeding must be complete, who can review the alternative void of all surprise?

“ Nil admirari, prope res est una Numici.

It will be recollected that a duel was fought last year between Lord George and Mr. Osbaldeston, a *rencontre* which with characteristic fatality arose out of a notorious affair at Heaton Park Races in the Autumn of 1835. No sort of imputation is intended to be applied to either party. Mr. Osbaldeston won the cup by excellent jockeyship, and Lord George Bentinck lost his money, being second best in that emphatic contest which is called “the tug of war.” I set out by stating that the nobleman now under our notice was one whose connexion with the Turf was conventionally alluded to with much delicacy, and regarded as a subject to be handled “*levi manu*.” I confess I do not see the object of such fastidiousness, nor why I should refrain from describing him as the supporter of a cause, which we have beheld him maintaining both with *sword* and *shield*.

The air which pervades the Room and its arrangements is the *ideal* of playing at 'Change. While grouped around are the merchant-nobles of the land, driving their bargains with logarithmic cunning, seated at a corner table is the newspaper reporter, noting down each fluctuation of the odds with fractional minuteness. On ordinary occasions you will not find there the leaders of the racing world, Lords Exeter, Jersey, Chesterfield—neither their graces of Rutland, Richmond, nor Grafton; more frequently than any of his compeers being to be seen the impersonation of the old English squire, in *very* yellow leathers, top boots unconscious of oxalic acid, a blue coat and a spenser of the same hue,—the duke of Portland. Most prominent, and evidently regarded as of commanding influence, is the Right Honourable Charles Greville. This gentleman has neither a large nor an average Turf establishment even for its size, but whether for himself alone, or as representing his friends, he shows formidably at Hyde Park Corner, and in the Ring on Newmarket Heath. He has the reputation of being one of the most skilful handicappers of the day, the most accomplished of all modern professors of that most intricate and obnoxious art being, singularly enough, a son of Neptune, the universally popular companion and excellent seaman, the Honourable Captain Rous. Not the brow of the defunct glory of Israel, as he propped himself against a pillar of Gresham's Golconda colonnade, ever wore the impress of more intense thought than does that of the right honourable the Clerk of the Council what time he girds up his loins for business at Tattersall's. Goldsmith makes old Hardcastle

say of Marlow's manner, "Well, if this be modern modesty, I never saw any thing so like old-fashioned impudence." Should any chance place a genuine "*Vive la bagatelle*" fresh from the banks of the Seine among the pleasure-seekers at the Corner, methinks I hear him (eyeing the honourable gentleman whose whereabouts he has just learned) exclaiming, "That may be the guise of English happiness, but I never saw any thing more like the expression of French calamity."

If it be winter, with his back to the fire, or if summer, slowly pacing the yard, you will observe a figure with the hands up to the wrists delved into the breeches pockets, and always arrayed in a brown body-coat, white cords, top boots, and a Jolliffe hat, somewhat modernized in the crown. That is James Bland, whilom a gentleman's coachman, but now "as good as his master." In keeping with the march of vocabulary, which pronounces a hodman an operative architect, sinking the old vernacular, we will designate him as a gentleman professionally connected with Racing. He is not provided with that universal letter of introduction of which Lord Chesterfield speaks: indeed he and a brother professional, a Mr. Wagstaff (of whom hereafter), are under as little obligation to nature in that particular, as any two men with whom I can charge my memory at this instant. Bland has had many a tough bout with Fortune, and not being disagreeably particular about the odds in the duello, has contrived to make a tolerable fight of it. I believe she all but grassed him on the Derby in Plenipo's year (1834). At that period he was, if not confederated, at all events unquestionably *in with* the Chifneys as far as the length of their stables went. Shillelagh was to win according to their calculation (and singularly accurate it was with a dark horse to compute by), and upon him "Jim" stood heavily. I was near him just as the race came off, and he certainly stood the cast like a trump. I believe he paid every guinea lost at Epsom, and fame made him to square things a little subsequently at Ascot.

That year's Meeting at Ascot I cannot let pass without a further notice. It was generally understood among sporting men that another of the prominent bettors,—in plain English, that a leading Leg of the name of Halliday, had also been hard bit on the Derby of which I have spoken. His balances lay over, and were to be squared on the Monday following the Ascot week at Tattersall's. I saw this man on every part of the heath where the semblance of a ring was to be seen, passing from one to the other in nervous restlessness. As the meeting drew towards its close his manner grew still more perplexed, wild, and fierce. I knew he was a large stake against Lord Chesterfield for the cup, and it made me shudder to look upon the desperate carelessness he assumed as Glaucus came in an easy winner. Friday was the last day, and his forlorn hope: he betted recklessly on every race, I believe without success. The final event was about being started for: he laid wildly against a horse of Mr. Massey-Stanley's. Some one exclaimed in the running, "Stanley wins." I heard a soui-breathed execration at my side. It was the last I heard or saw of Halliday. *He died suddenly in the course of that evening.* It is one thing to read this too common episode, traced upon this page;

another to have read, from the living volume, the tale of consuming agony begun in bitterness, terminated in despair !

Occasionally during the season, a tall man, very distinguished in his deportment and scrupulously plain in his *costume*, may be seen strolling around the yard, always with a cigar alight. Rarely, if ever, he is found to enter the Room. That is Colonel Peel, one of the most influential supporters of Racing now upon the Turf. There is something eminently characteristic in family keeping, if I may compound a term, in the sporting establishment of that gentleman. All is based upon the original purpose, the legitimate design of Racing as really a national sport. He is a very extensive breeder of blood-stock, has his private trainer at Newmarket, William Cooper, one of the most respectable men there, his private jockey, Arthur Pavis, a diamond edition of an olympic hero, and his livery is the orange and purple. Whatever be the object that mingles him with the em-branglement at Hyde Park Corner, he appears but as a spectator, as carefully aloof from its actual operations as one might be supposed to keep whom chance had associated with a party busied with no savoury office. With a princely fortune, he is a subscriber to all the great stakes, as, having elected the Turf for a pursuit, it is but fitting he should : he does not bet in public, at least but seldom, and to a small amount ; what his private speculations may be, of course I have no means of judging ; but this all who run may know, that, in the good taste which pervades his sporting *menage*, and the high principle by which all its details are directed, they have before them a very finished picture of an English gentleman at his recreations.

While in our analysis of Tattersall's many who, like Colonel Peel, command our entire respect, will be found, though far more for whom we can alone feel unmitigated disgust, here and there will occur a specimen of an intermediate *genus* whose classification may come under the head of "Legs eleemosynary." This is a strange variety of the *bipes implumis*, exhibiting a species, whose voluntary pursuit is at utter strife with its natural propensity. I do not think there are many samples of it in existence even now, and history is silent about any having been known before our time. We read that old Elwes would pick his dinner off a dunghill, and at night jeopardy his thousands at play ; still there was a glimmer of manhood about that. But the "Leg eleemosynary" is as divested of all mortal spirit as a bunch of dog's-meat. To him, your bone grabber is a fellow infinitely aristocratic. This at least makes his merchandise of honest offal, while the other is a mendicant of vampire carrion. As there will be few who can divine the occupation of this drone of Satan's hive, I will sketch it as briefly as I can. He is to be seen anxiously hovering about, when there is an appearance of bonâ fide business being transacted. His ear, all alive, catches the terms upon which a bet about being booked has been effected. It may be that a grim, hungry Leg has got well on : he lights up with a ghastly smile : now the "eleemosynary" sees is *his* time : he pounces on him : cajoles, implores, and does him finally out of a *little fish* a shade under market price. Having thus tickled one Leg out of a bet, a point or

two under the current odds, he is off on the instant, lest the rate of exchange alter, and hedges, *with the pull in his favour*, with another of the fraternity. It would seem as if it was the nature of gaming to generate an atmosphere in which all its followers, without distinction, become intoxicated. The system which I have described would imply a degree of cold-blooded method beyond the influence of all other earthly moving—but it is not so. There is a regular concatenation of these wager-ghouls who live upon the brains of each other, until the refinement of their gains has no representative in the current coin of the realm.

Again, it is perfectly familiar among betting men that there are some frequenters of Tattersall's and the provincial Rings, who never lay out their money at the prices that are generally current, *and these get on at their own figures*. I dare say it will strike the reader as impossible that a class, proverbially astute, submit, nay volunteer quietly, to be done out of three or four per cent. by parties *known* to them as regulating their traffic exclusively upon the principle of having points in the odds conceded in their favour; nevertheless such is the fact. One of the most industrious of these indefatigable is old Spring, the well-known ex-box-keeper of Drury Lane, who, having got together some forty thousand pounds, now ruralises in his Tusculum between Brydges Street and the Strand. In the sear and yellow leaf, and almost blind, there is scarce a race-course in the South at which he is not to be met, following business as anxiously as though his existence depended upon his daily gains. His manner and vocabulary still retain the flavour of sword and perriwig, a dash of the olden time mingles with all he says and does. What secret spring of nature first moved him to his present calling is as much a mystery as the impulses of Etna or Vesuvius. It could not be love of gold, for of that he has more than he needs, and his habits are not those of the miser who hoards simply that he may hoard. The ex-box-keeper is a *bon vivant*, loves his dinner and his bottle, and enjoys them to boot. It cannot be for excitement that he toils, for it is clear he rarely, if ever, stands to an event, save a certainty. I often amuse myself by watching him. Perhaps the scene is laid at Newmarket. It is morning, and standing opposite to the Star, his accustomed hostel, I have him on the dead set for a trainer on the return from the heath. To see his *manœuvres* to catch, or after one is fairly captured! How he works to dodge to wind-ward or forge a-head of him. And now he rigs the pump, first gently goes the sucker, and then pipe all hands to the engine. Poor old boy! I would not handle thee and thine eccentricities too roughly, but of a verity thou mightest lay out the little principal of life that remaineth to thee in a more profitable investment.

There is a *clique* seen at Tattersall's (a very limited one, for it is too un-English to possess many members) consisting of would-be Legs, boobies without brains or shame, who kill their Mondays at the Corner simply "to boast of vices which they *don't* commit." Having nothing to do, there or elsewhere they set up for Sporting gentlemen upon a capital of a double-breasted green coat, a blue neck-cloth, and a Mackintosh without a waist. The majority of this hermaphro-

dite body is composed of superannuated clerks from the public offices—single instances of the *ci-devant jeune homme* very shocking to any contemplative mind. There is one of these, a *detaché* of Somerset House, that gives me the ague when he crosses me. He is a little old meagre man, who, by the connivance of his tailor, transforms himself into a figure as unnatural and unholy as the slaty monster of Frankenstein. His back is towards you, and you settle with yourself that it belongs to a youth of fifteen; he turns, and oh, horror of horrors! you have a little wizened face like an ourang-outang's in his grand climacteric. Should he read this faithful portraiture of himself, and venture but to hint that I have stinted him of his fair proportions, let him but muster courage to stand a wager, and I'll take his own odds, that I back him into any theatre in the metropolis for *half-price*.

Passing strange as truth has been declared by one who knew, better than most men, the scenes of party-coloured life, on no spot of civilized earth does it stand forth, out-heroding the wildest fictions, as at Tattersall's! Mankind has been exhibited as evincing stoical endurance under all the ills that flesh is heir to save one, "keep your hands out of its breeches' pockets." But observe it at Hyde Park Corner, with its pouch unbuttoned, the precious freight ready to leap into the palm of the first hungry villain that will clutch it. I am prepared to anticipate that many who read this will set it down to the account of ignorance or spleen; let them bear with me a little longer and I shall not fear either sentence. For the purpose of being within the memory of every man connected with the Turf, and consequently open to instant detection should I vary, however minutely, from the simple fact, I will confine the examples that I bring to support my position, to instances taken from the events of the last five years. Of the flood of chicanery, swindling, and scoundrelism, whereby, in that short period, the Turf has been so often devastated, the springs are shown to you as readily as would be a cloudless noonday sun. A difference may exist as to the tributary streams, but of the fountain heads there is but one opinion. Let a stranger visit the emporium of sporting traffic upon any public day during the year, and, upon application to the first groom-boy he may accost, shall be pointed out to him the movers of every Racing robbery for the last dozen years, meditated or perpetrated, without the least reluctance or emotion, except indeed at the ignorance which the enquiry would betray. Leaving generalities, let us now look into details.

During the last five years, to which I propose confining myself, Doncaster (as more remote, the safer arena) has been the principal scene of operation with the Legs. There, to begin with 1832, as ignominious a sample of rascality was openly exhibited as ever human ingenuity invented. In that year's Leger, Beardsworth (surely I need not say who *he* was) had a colt named Ludlow, that had run very promisingly, and was backed for that race to a considerable amount at 12 to 1—low odds because the field was good. On my arrival at Doncaster some odd rumours reached me, which were soon put to rest by Beardsworth declaring in my presence, that his horse was for sale, "*to race or to boil*," for 5000*l*. The instant effect of this announcement was to send him back in the odds to 100 to 1 against

him. The object in this case never was to sell the horse, because that could have been easily done, under the rose, to the Legs, who would have bought him to lay against; the purchase money being so easily made right by subscription from such parties as had already betted that way. The *ruse* was accounted for in many ways,—no doubt it was a very productive one, for, bad as the character of Beardsworth was antecedently, this at once enveloped him in infamy. Public indignation could scarcely be restrained within any bounds at such avowed scoundrelism; an explanation was insisted upon, when one of a *private* nature was offered to the steward, Lord Uxbridge, by one of the brothers Bond, Ephraim I believe. This would not be listened to by Lord Uxbridge, and eventually, upon being called upon in the public betting-room for a solution of the “disgraceful farce,” Mr. Bond admitted that Ludlow had been purchased by himself, brothers, and a *fourth party*, but who that fourth was never came to light. The horse started and lost of course—and men were found besotted enough to regard their losses upon such a race as debts of *honour*, and to pay them! Messrs. Richardson and Wagstaff came in for their proportion of the credit of this affair—but what of that? Beardsworth indeed is dead, and his memory is spoken of when any monstrous malefaction needs illustration, but the rest are all “honourable men” by the currency of sporting courtesy.

As I promised, when speaking of Mr. James Bland, a further notice of Mr. Charles Wagstaff, it will serve here as a rider to the Ludlow farce. I have already premised, that he is by no means indebted to nature upon the score of personal endowment, but she has given him one essential requisite for his *calling*—lungs that could split the sides of a tap-room; and he does not hide his candle under a bushel; often, when the wind has been fair, have I, at the saddling stables on Newmarket Heath, heard him occupying his business at the Duke’s Stand—a brace of honest miles and no mistake. But is this stated in individual reproach? Surely not. The industry of the one cannot be wrong in a pursuit which is regarded fitting as concerns the many. Wagstaff must be a man of talent, and as such entitled to our consideration. I say it advisedly, that in his own particular circle at Cambridge he was not, at least some five or six years ago, considered as possessed of any great command of capital; and yet, when the interests of himself and friends required it, he came forward and gave the Marquis of Sligo three thousand guineas for his horse Fang, another Leger favourite that was not destined to be the winner. The Saddler, another horse that belonged to this gentleman and his party, was unfortunate upon one or two occasions in not quite realizing the full amount of public expectation. Ill-natured people were found to grumble about these matters, but we know there is nothing at which spleen and disappointment will stop.

In 1832, nearer home, Racing affairs were a little under a cloud, inasmuch as rumour was busy about the winner of the Derby. Some said St. Giles was four years old, and some that he was five! I offer no opinion, but I am bound to say, that having had recently a conversation with the best authority as to his age—I mean Mr. John Scott, his explanation was perfectly clear and convincing. When I

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want to put a Yorkshire Turfite upon his mettle, a word of suspicion about St. Giles is sure to answer my purpose. I used him lately to draw out a leading trainer from that county, and the result was the following: "We can win a Derby without having recourse to such tricks as you allude to, but they have been tried with the Leger and failed. *I know that Sir Hercules ran for it at four years old, and could make nothing of it then.* There was Pilgrim too, that I detected, that had been raced as two years old when he was three, and as three when he was four. We have had the game played more than once in the north."

In 1834 Plenipo, after beating the best lot of horses probably ever seen in the south of England, was sent to Doncaster. If ever there was a racing certainty, it was that, barring accidents, he must win the Leger. He was well, and on the Thursday, at Tattersall's, the last betting day previous to the race, backed at even with the field, when a commission arrived from a certain party, to lay against him to any amount. That he was made safe may be gathered from the fact, that Connelly, his jockey, told me he expected every moment, as he rode him up to the post to start, that he would have lain down with him on the course. In 1835, the Queen of Trumps stood as high for the Leger as her great predecessor had done the year before. On this affair a downright robbery was attempted, without any more precaution than if the parties concerned had called to you to stand and deliver at noon-day in Regent Street. On the day before the race, a gentleman waited upon Mr. Mostyn, and offered him *seven thousand pounds* for his mare—by no side wind, he it remembered—but actually accosting him, as Tom Hood would say, "like a crocodile with the bank notes in his hand." Mr. Mostyn was man of the world enough to know that cash was cash though Beelzebub should present it on the fork of his tail; but he knew also, that there was such a thing as honour, and therefore he coupled the sale with a stipulation, that "the Queen should start, and start to win." Of course this formed no part of the bargain contemplated, and there the negotiation ended.

These examples, without tediously multiplying them, will answer my purpose, which is to show the unaccountable fatuity by which men of supposed common sense expose themselves to the certainty of being victimized by knaves, as well known to the sporting circles as ever was Jonathan Wild to the runners of Bow Street. That cheating at horse racing has been practised by persons in a far different condition of life to the professional Leg, is too notorious to be insisted on here. But the anomaly is, that your Leg can cheat, or try to cheat, as often as he pleases, and return to the charge again as if nothing had ever happened. He shall openly plunder nineteen men, and, while rifling them, the twentieth shall offer himself for a victim. One rich sample of this, which many of the Ring will call to mind, I will offer in proof of my last assertion, that nothing short of actual felony is too monstrous for a genuine Leg, or sufficient to banish him from professional practice. The party active was Beardsworth, at the time playing first fiddle on the Provincial Turf; the party passive—he who has to record his folly. After winning the Leger with Bir-

mingham in 1830, in the subsequent year with that horse, one or two others out of which he had swindled my unhappy friend Mytton, and certainly a superior team of young ones (Ludlow among the lot), he carried every thing before him. At Chester that year, during the five days, he ran, as well as my memory serves me, for several races every day, and won every race for which he started,—a piece of good luck probably without a racing precedent. It was at that Meeting that the event occurred, and with which is our present business. For the Cup, Birmingham was the favourite, at 2 to 1 on him. One of my horses had been entered for that race, but had gone lame a few days before. Of this fact Beardsworth was, of course, aware, and on the day upon which it was to come off, he overtook me on the way to the course, entered into conversation, expressed his regret that my horse was amiss, and concluded by telling me that Birmingham was never so well, and that he must win, barring a fall. He still continued to ride with me, and at last said, "You had better back me, the race is as good as over, and you may as well put a hundred into your pocket as not." I expressed my determination not to go within hearing of a bet again during the Meeting; the accident to my horse had upset me, and I had been out of luck beside—lost every thing I tried for—"when sorrows come they come not single spies," &c. &c. The slimy tempter was not so easily to be escaped: "Let me do it for you," he urged; "you really are your own enemy—its throwing the money from you—just let me lay two hundred to one—come, never say die." I looked a reluctant consent, and he left me. As the horses were coming up to start, a voice hailed me from the Stand—it was Beardsworth, who said, "I have done that for you; I have laid your two hundred to one Birmingham wins." Here was a public notice that I had made a bet to such effect. The race was run, and Birmingham was the winner. The following morning, in the Hotel Row, the settling place for Chester betting, I met my obliging factor "I have a hundred to take from you on yesterday's Cup," said I, "Its all right," was the reply, "I'll give it you in a few minutes." A second and a third application met with similar success. The next day the same story. Saturday morning arrived, and I was informed Beardsworth was just leaving town, *his travelling carriage and four* being then in waiting for him at the Royal Hotel door. Thither I hastened, and found him with his foot upon the step, his wife and daughter having already taken their seats. "Come, come," said I, "this is rather cavalier work; you might have called or sent to say you were going, or at all events have enclosed me my money—I desire you will at once hand me the hundred pounds about which there has been too much shuffling already." "I have not been able to find the person with whom I laid the money for you," stammered out the knave. "Never mind," said I, "give me his name, that will suit me quite as well." "His name"—after a pause "oh! his name is Smith." "His place of residence?" "That I don't know." "Well, his Christian name and description?" "A tall man; but I cannot tell his Christian name, or any thing else about him." "And so," I exclaimed, losing my patience but unwilling to alarm the

women in the carriage, "you wagered my money with a stranger of whom you knew nothing, or whether his credit was good for sixpence." I said this in my unconscious verdancy—literally I believed the man; I never before heard such rascality, and it was too refined for my imagining. "Its all gammon," said a voice at my elbow, and turning I discovered the speaker was Robinson the well-known Asmodeus of the ring, "there's no such betting man as Smith; he laid the money with you himself to hedge to; if Birmingham had lost, there were your brace of hundreds to sack, and nothing to pay should he lose; it's a scandalous *plant* as ever was laid." I never of course received a shilling from him; but the wonder is to come. Every where I went I published the affair, and all who knew how I had been *done* did the same; nevertheless have I seen those who were perfectly cognizant of it, and who had been warned against the fellow, bet their hundreds with him with as much alacrity as though his honour were as unimpeachable as that of Cæsar's wife.

It may seem as if something of reproach were intended, by the epithet applied to Robinson; such is by no means the case, it was merely meant to represent the *soubriquet* of "Crutch," by which he is known in the betting world. I have always heard him spoken of as a man who conducted himself on the square, and his face is as honest and good humoured a frontispiece as you will see in a thousand. His origin was a very humble one, that of a blacksmith I think; indeed, unless I am much mistaken, the forge in which he used to work was, not long ago, pointed out to me, in the neighbourhood of his present residence. He is the very last man that, were you asked his way of life, you would pronounce a Leg. Still I have heard that from his infancy he was a disciple of the blind goddess. There was not a lad in the parish could sky a copper with him, and, lame as he was, not a country race from which he was absent. Notwithstanding his apparent unfitness for a profession which would seem to demand more than an usual alacrity of person as well as mind, his career has been clearly a prosperous one, having stood the great test—time.

Not the least remarkable tableau at Tattersall's is one in which our friend is wont to occupy a prominent place. There is a spot upon which a small select party has assembled. On one side probably my Lord Chesterfield, with his fine aristocratic head, attired a shade beyond the *juste milieu*, but in all things "a finished gentleman from top to toe." His Grace of Beaufort inheriting prodigally from nature the quality which his coronet superfluously supplies. George Anson, un-honoured, and un-colonized, with the sterling stamp of good taste and good breeding to ensure him the currency of respect and esteem, and it may be, the Count, whose faultless toilet and person has won the hearts of one sex; his *bonhomie* and dishevelled vocabulary those of the other. In centre of this courtly group stands, or rather hangs suspended from a singularly unambitious piece of ash, our plain unsophisticated "Crutch." Talk of the ease which high breeding alone bestows, look at him; is there any want of freedom there? Nothing offensively familiar, no presumption, no vulgar effort after ease, but natural and inherent as if it emanated from all the blood of all

the Howards. It is by no means certain that sporting forms any part of their business. Probably the chit-chat of the day—provincial matters or perhaps something a little in keeping with the scene. Be it what it may, you will find Robinson an attentive member of the party, not a cringing hanger-on. The respect with which he demeans himself on all occasions has ensured him payment in the same currency. And probably the disposition, to which he owes his position among his superiors, has been the foundation and support of his present prosperity. I believe him to be a cautious and observant man; prone to weigh, and disposed to adopt, counsel, and who appears in all he does to act upon that truly wise axiom, which by some strange chance owes its existence to our gay and thoughtless neighbours "Le vrai moyen d'être trompé c'est de se croire plus fin que les autres."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE GUITAR.

BY MRS. L. MILES.

How sweet, at twilight's peaceful hour,
When night-flowers greet each rising star,
Alone, in some secluded bow'r,
To touch the silver-toned Guitar.

Companion of the exiled brave,
Beloved alike in peace and war!
The peasant wakes thee, and the slave
Weeps fondly o'er his mute Guitar.

Dream of the long forgotten dead,
Whose notes remind of scenes afar,
The scattered leaves of roses shed
Thy numbers breathe, my lone Guitar.

When'er the festive song I wake,
Forgetting that e'en mirth may mar
Its own enjoyment, should I break
One feeling string, my own Guitar,—

I'll take the moral to my breast,
Nor ever strain a chord so far
As wound a heart which, rudely prest,
Would break like thine, my lov'd Guitar.

A RAMBLE IN PARIS BY DAY,

WRITTEN FOR THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

BY A FRENCH AUTHOR OF CELEBRITY.

I HAVE lodged during the last three months on the fourth floor of a decent house in the Rue Neuve Saint Augustin. It is a part of my domestic system to shift my quarters every half-year; and as this sketch is written for foreign readers, I must necessarily explain my motives for so doing. The fact is, that I have unaccountably conceived a violent antipathy to the National Guard ever since the captain of the company in which I was first enrolled reproached me for irregularity and ignorance in performing my military duties, that captain being a very respectable cobbler, who has acquired a considerable reputation for his skill in mending the shoes of the fish-women that congregate at the Halle. I therefore elude the vigilance of the *mareschal-de-logis chef* by changing my abode from one quarter of Paris to another every six months.

The moon, I say, has three times changed her horns since I entered my present lodgings; and as I have been during the whole time particularly engaged in composing the first volume of a new novel for M. Gustave Barba, my worthy publisher, who was not ashamed to bring an action against me about two years ago at the Tribunal of Commerce for a very pardonable breach of contract, I have scarcely crossed the threshold of my door during that period until yesterday, when I determined to lay aside pen and ink, and devote a few hours to amusement.

I accordingly rose at nine o'clock, and was in the middle of a very copious breakfast, when a terrible noise in the ante-room alarmed me, and my old friend Duclin suddenly forced his way into the parlour, in spite of the asseverations of the portress, who, in obedience to my directions, declared that I was not at home.

"It is really unpardonable—perfectly atrocious, my dear fellow," cried Duclin, shaking me by the hand: "that old portress of your's would lie against Ananias and Sapphira themselves. But never mind, since I have found thee—and at breakfast too! Delicious! I'll trouble you for a morsel of that Strasbourg-pie, and a glass of your Chablis. Excellent beverage! And the amours—the ladies—have you many conquests in hand?"

"Ever the same, Duclin! Your head is filled with nothing but amours—"

"Totally changed now, my dear fellow. This *paté* is excellent—from Chevet's, of course. I see no charms—no fascination—no allurements in *coquettes* of *haut ton*. Give me the *grisettes*—the little milliners—the mantua-makers of the Boulevard du Temple and the Rue Charlot."

"Bah!—What! the exquisite Duclin—the pride of the Chaussée d'Autin—the glory of the *élite* at the Café de Paris—the most fashion-

able lounge at Tortoni's—to frequent the dirty garrets of onion-eating *grizettes*!”

“Well, well!” ejaculated Duclin, as he attacked a magnificent cold fowl that stood near him. “*N'en parlons plus!* Are you for any amusement to-day?”

“With pleasure. What do you say to a ramble about Paris? The day is cool—a pleasant shower at five o'clock this morning has laid the dust—and, if we do feel the weather rather sultry at noon, it will be an excuse for eating ices.”

“Admirable!” exclaimed Duclin; and so soon as breakfast, which lasted till nearly mid-day, was concluded, we sallied forth in the direction of the Boulevards des Capucines, down which we sauntered and arrived opposite the Madeleine!

What a magnificent building is the Madeleine! The beautiful Corinthian columns, so exquisitely carved and so symmetrically arranged round the church, form a lofty colonnade far superior to that which adorns the Bourse. Sorrowful reflections connected with Napoleon are awakened in the mind by a contemplation of that elegant specimen of architecture; nor less do we remember, at the same time, that the cannon of the royalists were posted on the parapet of the colonnade which faces the Boulevards, to protect the palace of Polignac during the three eventful days that decided the liberties of France!

From the Madeleine we walked towards the Seine, and lingered for some time to examine the Obelisk of Luxor, which is placed on a large pediment in the middle of the elevated spot where Louis XVI. was beheaded. The obelisk, although it be a great ornament to the city, certainly spoils the view which was formerly so much admired between the central gate of the Tuileries and the Barriere de l'Etoile or Triumphal Arch. Duclin in vain endeavoured to decypher the hieroglyphics cut upon the obelisk, which are uniformly the same on every side; and, after a great deal of trouble, he assured me with a look expressive of extreme intelligence, that a circle was intended to represent the globe, a cock the dawn of morning, a human figure the king of the Egyptians, and the two beams, placed as tangents on the top of a circle, he declared must have been used to express the omnibuses and carriages used by the subjects of the Pharaohs. I did not choose to contradict him; we accordingly passed on, and crossed the bridge which leads to the Chamber of Deputies, lamenting that the selfish pride of Louis Philippe had caused the statues to be removed to Versailles to adorn his royal palace.

“The debates of the two chambers are open to the public,” says the CHARTA OF 1830; and in order that this article may not be violated, exactly five and twenty ragamuffins are daily supplied with tickets of admission to the Chamber of Deputies. These precious fellows are “the French public;” and as Duclin and myself were loitering on the grand flight of steps in front of the Chamber, one of those independent citizens, whose lower garments were particularly soiled, whose shoes were singularly contrived at the toes to admit the zephyrs that were wafted from the adjacent gardens, and whose shirt-sleeves—for he scorned the encumbrance of a coat in hot weather,

—had most probably that morning performed the select duty of rubbing the stove and fire-irons of their proprietor—this gentleman, I say, advanced towards us, and offered us two tickets for sale. At that moment a magnificent carriage stopped at the side-gate, and a number of well-dressed ladies descended from the vehicle and repaired to the entrance of the Chamber. This determined us to purchase the proffered tickets for the gratifying compensation of three francs each; and when we arrived at the door, we were not a little surprised and pleased at being told that a most important discussion was actually taking place at that instant between Messieurs Thiers and Guizot. We immediately presented our tickets: the porter looked at them for a moment, and politely assured us that they were three weeks old. Stung by disappointment, we hastened to remonstrate with the worthy gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, who had sold us the useless *billets*; but, as the reader will have doubtless already imagined, he had carefully disappeared.

Duclin burst forth into a violent fit of laughter, and I presently followed his example. We then pursued our walk along the *Quai*, passed the barracks of the Waggon-train and *Cuirassiers*, the magnificent hotel shortly to be inhabited by the Minister of the Interior, the College of Four Nations, and the Mint, and crossed that portion of the Pont-Neuf which leads to the Island of the City.

"Let us ascend the towers of *Nôtre Dame*," suggested Duclin; "we shall thence have a beautiful view of the whole of Paris."

"Agreed," said I, and accordingly we hastened along the *Quai des Orfèvres* to put our project into immediate execution.

But we were destined to meet with a short interruption under circumstances peculiarly affecting. A crowd opposite the Morgue attracted our attention as we drew nigh to that receptacle for unclaimed bodies; and we mingled with the curious group to ascertain the cause of attraction. By dint of pushing with our elbows, Duclin and myself managed to force a passage through the crowd, and obtained an entrance into the Morgue. There a most distressing spectacle met our eyes. One corse alone was stretched upon a bench—and over that dead cold form hung as lovely a creature as ever the sun shone upon. She was a prey to all the wildest excesses of distress and despair. Her bonnet had fallen off, and in her agony she had unwittingly detached the comb from her hair, which now fell wildly but luxuriantly over her back and shoulders. Those locks were of the darkest jet—corresponding with her eyes that were dimmed in torrents of scalding tears. Oh! never, never shall I forget the acuteness of that young girl's distress! Burning drops of the bitterest agony ran down her cheeks, her hands were clasped together as she leant over the remains of him she had apparently loved with so much devotion, and her bosom gave but difficult vent to half-suffocated sighs.

The history of that couple—as I learnt it from a by-stander—was as follows: Alfred d'Estival was the only son of a rich nobleman, whose avarice barely allowed the young heir to all his wealth a competency to live upon. Alfred had recourse to the gaming-table to increase his income. Alas! fond and unfounded hope! He lost

immense sums night after night, and gave bills for the amount. A lovely girl—Athalie was her name—the daughter of poor but respectable parents, had won his heart, and loved him in return; and in a moment of tenderness and ardent passion, her ruin was accomplished. She left parents, home, every thing, to live with Alfred, who could not espouse her against his father's wish. She became pregnant—Alfred daily grew melancholy—his losses increased—his funds were dissipated at Frascati the moment they were received—and ruin stared him and his fond mistress in the face. Athalie sate up the better portion of the night, while Alfred pursued his disastrous course at the gaming-table, and exerted herself, during those wretched vigils, to obtain a few francs by needle-work. This money she carefully treasured to meet the expenses incidental to her approaching confinement. But her embroidery was washed with many bitter—bitter tears; her eyes were often dimmed with weeping; and the cold inauspicious morning surprised her at her labours.

In the meantime, Alfred's habits gradually became more dissipated; he gave way to drinking to drown his cares; and under the influence of intoxication not unfrequently struck the beautiful and unoffending girl, who had thus been made his unhappy victim. Then, how acute was her agony! She could have borne up against poverty, privation, and wretchedness; but ingratitude, scorn, and contempt,—and blows,—on the part of him for whom she had dared the opinion of the world, were too much to support.

What could be the termination of that horrible state of existence, save the one already anticipated by the reader? Alfred—we must suppose—had been rendered desperate by a rapid succession of losses, as well as by the total indifference of his father concerning his lot—and had ended a wretched life as an impenitent suicide!

Duclin and myself wept aloud, and neither of us spoke during our short walk from the Morgue to the cathedral of Nôtre Dame.

We ascended the steep stair-case, and felt our spirits, that had been affected by the gloomy scene we had ere now witnessed, gradually rise as we drew nearer the summit of the southern tower. Arrived on the top, the sudden current of air refreshed us, and imparted a cheering influence to our minds. We stationed ourselves in a convenient spot, and thence surveyed the mighty Babylon stretched far over the plains around. To the north-east we perceived the sepulchres of Pere La-Chaise, interspersed amidst the green shrubs and plants that appear to weep over the remains of the mighty dead, and cast their shades on tombs whither it would be profane to suffer the rays of a joyous sun to penetrate. What food for contemplation is the vast burial-ground of a splendid city—the cemetery of decayed magnificence and grandeur! There mingle the ashes of the prince and the merchant—the warrior and the statesman—the heroes of July, and the victims of Fieschi. On many a humble, as on many a richly sculptured monument, are hung those garlands which a sweet and amiable superstition—the only instance where blind credulity presents aught save an aspect meriting contempt—has placed to commemorate the dead, and assure the hovering spirits of the deceased that their good deeds are still remembered on earth. Proud

man! what a lesson does that cemetery teach thee—a lesson expressive of thine insignificance! Of what avail are thy riches, thy rank, and thine honours? to that cold sod, mortal ephemeron, worm of a little day, must thy putrid remains eventually be borne!

“Turn we from a contemplation of the charnel-house of the human race,” said I to Duclin; “and let us direct our view to a more pleasurable prospect.”

“Willingly,” answered my companion, whose disposition loved not the inspiration of melancholy ideas; “look at the Hotel de Ville, that ancient and venerable building, and the Place de Grève, on which it stands, and which has witnessed the death of many a malefactor”

“And why not of many an innocent person?” said I. “Poor Esmeralda!” I added, as the recollection of that admirable creation of Victor Hugo’s imagination passed across my mind; “one could almost be induced to believe that the spectacle, as it is painted in *Notre Dame de Paris*, were present to our view!—But, speaking of the Grève, Duclin,” said I, after a momentary pause, “do you chance to recollect having read of the singular *fête* that annually took place in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, on the Place de Grève?—No!—well, then, I will refresh your memory, and afford you a quarter of an hour’s amusement at the same time.”

“Proceed,” said Duclin, seating himself upon the leads, an example which I deemed expedient to follow; “I am all attention.”

“It was on the eve of St. John the Baptist,” said I, “that this remarkable, ridiculous, but cruel *fête* took place; and the most celebrated on record is that which King Henry the Second honoured by his presence. On that occasion it had been rumoured that the poet *Jodelle*, author of the *Orphée* (Orpheus), had composed a play or ‘Mystery’ to be performed in the Salle Saint Jean of the Hotel-de-Ville after the usual ceremony on the *Place*. This circumstance alone gave a considerable addition of interest to a scene that was ever fraught with amusement and diversion. The auspicious morning dawned, and the bells of this Cathedral rang loud peals as a signal for the celebration of the annual sports. All the curious portion of the inhabitants of the three wards, into which Paris was then divided, viz. the University, the City, and the Town—all the menial idlers of the court, the convents, and the military *depôts*,—and many of the young students of the University itself, were to be seen at day-break rushing in disordered crowds to the Place de Grève. Already were there assembled two hundred archers, a hundred arblast-bearers, and fifty musketeers or hack-but men, with an ample supply of ammunition. The soldiers, composing these three bodies, wore glittering morions, steel corselets, and short swords at their sides. Those men-at-arms were stationed immediately round a tall pole, and about twenty mounted guards, headed by the handsome Chavigny, guaranteed a perfect discretion on the part of the spectators. At the top of the pole, which might be about forty feet in height, was suspended a large cage of strong iron-work; and in this barred prison were six cats—”

“Six cats!” exclaimed Duclin in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes—six cats, two fierce mastiff dogs, and three foxes—the dogs and foxes being muzzled to prevent their vengeful teeth from interfering with the tranquillity of the cats. Round the cage were fastened garlands of flowers, ornamented with party-coloured ribands that waved to the air as if in mockery of the misery prepared for the poor animals near which they fluttered. At the foot of the pole was a high heap of faggots, arranged around like the accursed wood of the Spanish *auto-de-fé*. Three little barrels, each containing about five pounds of gunpowder, were placed on these faggots; but the circle of guards was so extensive, that the effects of the explosion were not dreaded by the spectators. Before the Hotel-de-Ville was erected a scaffolding, on which were a number of seats intended for the king and the royal family; and in front of the basement of this scaffolding, a large amphitheatre had been prepared for the reception of the dependants of the court. It was not till about eight o'clock that a martial band announced the coming of the king; and then the Captain Montgomeri, of high repute, led the way at the head of a gallant troop of guards. With white plumes waving from his helmet, he rode on a stalworth charger gaily caparisoned, and took his station on the right side of the scaffolding, his men ranging themselves in two lines, thus forming a guarded avenue, up which the king must pass. Then appeared a number of the members of the royal household, and after them, surrounded by his peers and nobles, was Henry the Second. He was about forty years of age at that period, well proportioned, with a good-humoured countenance and a laughing eye—the mirthful glances of which were partially suppressed by the austere deference the monarch paid to religion and all its ceremonies. At his right hand rode a blooming girl, with dark black eyes and raven hair—but on whose charms I shall not dwell, because historians have been faithful in their records of her beauties, her actions, her inexperience, her misfortunes, and her failings. That lovely creature, to whom each gaze was directed—that fairy form, single amidst many—that attractive person was Mary Stuart, afterwards wife of the Dauphin Francis, and—"

"But you wander from your tale," interrupted Duclin.

"True," cried I. "Well, to proceed. The Dauphin rode at the left of his father; his age was fifteen, and he gazed around him with puerile, nay, almost infantine wonder on the various preparations for the day's amusement. Two cardinals were next, remarkable for the splendour of their attire, and the wealth displayed in their equipages. These were the Cardinals Lorraine and Chattillon. With these came the duke of Guise; and as the admiring crowds recognised the gallant warrior, they joined in a simultaneous shout of 'Long live the Saviour of Metz!'—'Hurrah for the captor of Calais!'—'Vive the champion of France!' The duke graciously waved his plumed hat as a meet response to these loyal greetings; and the cavalcade passed quickly on. The procession was closed by the Duke d'Aumal at the head of a large party of knights and gentlemen, amongst whom were Siméon de Chantly, Edouard de Gaston, Guillaume de Nevers, Le Comte d'Effleurey, and Paul Godért. As this vast cavalcade extended itself 'like a moving sea of people' upon

the Place de Grève, a band, resembling a troop of morris-dancers, issued from the gates of the Hotel-de-Ville. This was no other than the respectable corporations of the University, the City, and the Town. The *Prévôts*, the magistrates, and the clerks of each district, formed the procession. They all bore lighted wax candles of different colours, and shaped in fantastic fashions. This ridiculous pageantry stopped opposite the king, and graciously desired to be informed if his majesty's self would illumine the faggots. A refusal was given in a courteous manner, and the *prévôts des marchands* for the Town headed the magisterial body, and proceeded solemnly towards the centre of the Place de Grève. Presently the pile was in flames—the three corporations retired to a distance—and the terrific screams of the poor tortured animals, whom the devouring element soon reached, were only deafened by the shouts of the mob and the din of the music. In a few minutes the little barrels of gunpowder burst one after another in rapid succession; and for a moment all was silent, save the cries of the cats and—by way of contrast—the loud ringing of the bells of these towers. But that sudden cessation of clamour was renewed in a few moments; the multitude shouted with joy—the martial music rang out a merry air—and the fearful screams of the tormented animals redoubled."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed my friend Duclin, as I hesitated a moment to gather breath; "how terrible! and what barbarians must our ancestors have been! Your description, my dear —, is so vivid, that I almost fancy I perceive the enactment of the whole spectacle—the pageantry—the guards—and the cavalcade of illustrious personages, assembled on the *Place*."

"Let me bring my short narrative to a conclusion," said I with a smile. "When the cats, the dogs, and the foxes, were no more, and when the base of the pole was nearly burnt away, the royal party withdrew to the Hotel-de-Ville, to partake of the repast there provided by the liege subjects of his majesty. But first the Poet Jodelle's piece was to be performed on a stage erected at the end of the grand Salle Saint Jean. Thither presently arrived Catherine of Medicis, who would not be present at the former disgusting ceremonial, attended by the wives and daughters of the principal burghers of the Town-district. She passed up the avenue which the respectful multitude formed for her, and proceeded to a seat at the side of her royal consort, who seemed not particularly overjoyed at her presence; for he would willingly, had he dared, have introduced his lovely mistress, Diane de Poitiers, to the festival. All were silent—all were attentive, when the screen before the stage was drawn aside, and Jodelle's play commenced. It was a 'Mystery' founded on the story of Jael and Sisera; but however excellent in itself, it was murdered by the actors chosen to enact it. The one, who represented Sisera, was a fat burly man, about forty years of age, with a peculiar rubicundity of nose, and a most tremendous belly. Add to which the dreadful state of intoxication in which he was all the time, and the terrible huskiness of his voice, which, never melodious, a cough rendered unusually discordant, and you have the leading character to perfection. He rolled about the stage, uttering the most

ridiculous nonsense, and interlarding the occasionally intelligible portions of his speeches with horrible oaths and execrations. But the vulgar part of the crowd firmly believed that all this was in the play, and applauded accordingly. Much more of the mirthful nature of that day's proceedings might I detail to you, my dear Duclin," I observed at this period of my narrative; "but as I have related the incidents chiefly connected with the sports of Saint John on the Place de Grève, I shall not intrude upon your patience farther."

Duclin expressed his thanks in meet terms for the amusement I had afforded him; and when we had sufficiently gratified our curiosity by a long contemplation of the mighty city around, from the exalted eminence on which we were posted, we descended the steep stairs once more, crossed the bridge leading to the northern tower, and thence regained our position on *terrá firma*.

Having traversed the Pont d'Austerlitz, we proceeded to the Place de la Bastille, and wasted a few minutes in commenting upon the unfinished elephants that now occupy a small portion of that spot where the most terrible prison in the world—terrible even amongst inquisitions—once reared its dark summits to the sky. With what fury had the justly incensed mob formerly attacked that complication of dungeons, and razed the infernal pile to the ground! With what a shout of exultation must an avenged populace have welcomed the downfall of slavery, and the incipient gleams of a dawning liberty that have since become a noon-day sun, towards which the eyes of all the earth are turned in admiration! France—now the freest country in the world—was then the superstitious and cringing victim of political despotism and religious tyranny. France—the excellence of whose institutions is at the present day the wonder of Europe—was then degraded and trampled upon. But the cry went forth—an universal echo was simultaneously returned by a people panting for freedom—those chains, which an usurper fondly deemed to have been adamantine, were cast off and broken as if they were of glass—and the royal cohorts were themselves ashamed to quench the fervour of an irritated nation, or repress, in its infantine walk, the primal steps of young Liberty!

From the Place de la Bastille, Duclin and myself hastened up the Boulevard du Temple, and did not stop till we arrived opposite the Café Turque, whither we repaired for the purpose of refreshing ourselves through the fashionable *medium* of lemon-ices.

"It was here," said Duclin, endeavouring to assume a very sentimental air, as he sipped a *petit-verre de cognac* to prevent any unpleasant effects resulting from the frigidity of the ice,—“it was here that the unfortunate Marshal Mortier, and the other victims to the blood-thirsty designs of a rabid fanatic, were laid but a short time ago. And there,” he added, pointing to a little red-coloured house on the other side of the Boulevard, “there is the *maisonnette* whence the infernal machine exploded, and threatened a virtuous monarch with a disgraceful death.”

“It is often thus,” said I, “that the localities, generally remarkable for gaiety and pleasure, become the scenes of sanguinary deeds and direful actions. When we ponder on the fatal slaughter caused

by one whom we can scarcely regard otherwise than as a maniac, we cannot help recollecting, at the same time, that we are in the neighbourhood of the *Cadran Bleu*, the prince of restaurants—the *Gaité*, that well-known theatre of the *grisettes*—and the various streets rendered famous by the novels of Auguste Ricard, Pigault Lebrun, and—

“And yourself,” added my friend, Duclin, in a complimentary style, which I did not fail to acknowledge.

“The works of Auguste Ricard,” said I, “have done more to immortalize the quarter of the Marais and the Boulevard du Temple than those of any other author. *Le Marchand de Coco*, *La Grisette*, *Le Cocher du Fiacre*, &c. &c. as *romans de mœurs*, and illustrative of the domestic economy of the lower orders, are inimitable.—But, it is growing late, and by the time we shall have arrived in the neighbourhood of the *Chaussée d’Antin*, it will be about the usual hour of dinner. Let us pursue our walk round the Boulevards, then step into the *Café de Paris*, and regale ourselves with the best fare that money can purchase.”

To this proposition Duclin gladly assented; and having paid our *petit mémoire* at the *Café Turque*, we resumed our ramble. The *Chateau d’Eau*—that beautiful fountain of which no visitor to Paris ever omits the inspection—did not escape our notice; and as we passed slowly down the Boulevards, the magnificent shops, the numerous theatres, the gates of St. Martin and St. Denis, the terminations and beginnings of those noble streets that form the first quarter of Paris, and the hundreds of *Cafés* splendidly adorned, all attracted our attention, and originated comments similar to those that would have been uttered by two individuals who were total strangers to Paris. An hour’s walk brought us to the *Café de Paris*, whither we immediately repaired for the purpose of commanding and discussing a *dénir soigné*.

Such are the outlines of a short ramble “by day,” in the French metropolis—that metropolis, the extent, curiosities, and wonders of which an entire week would not suffice to examine, and whose attractions are so great that foreigners from all parts seek its hospitable walls. At a future period we shall endeavour to amuse our readers with a sketch of a ramble through that same metropolis “by night.”

(To be continued.)

MAN !

MAN is a mighty being, when his pride,
By fortune favour’d and supremely blest,
In all its boundless wants is gratified,
And when his deadliest passions are at rest :—
But mark him when pale sorrow is his guest,
When blighted love, or wreck’d ambition, sting,
When jealousy or envy fill his breast,
And ruin o’er him waves its sable wing,—
Is mortal longer great ? Where is a meaner thing ?

THE LIVES AND WRITINGS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

IN bringing before the public the works of these highly talented but now almost forgotten dramatists, we must confess that we wish the task had fallen into abler hands—into the hands of some one professionally acquainted with the numerous beauties so lavishly scattered throughout their works. It is certainly extraordinary, I had almost said miraculous, that in this enlightened age, this age of unparalleled literary research, the writings of these remarkable men should for so long a period have remained unnoticed and forgotten. It is not intended to place the works of our authors on a level with those of the immortal Shakspeare; but after him we would ask where is the dramatist to be found who would not materially suffer in a comparison with them? they are second indeed to Shakspeare alone, and we think in many respects it must be conceded superior even to the mighty magician himself. It is not our intention in the present paper to enter into any critical discussion upon the absolute or comparative merits of our authors, but merely to give an outline of the plan intended to be pursued, with a short account of the lives, and some general remarks on the genius and writings of these gifted individuals.

Francis Beaumont was third son of Francis Beaumont the judge, and born at Grace Dieu, Leicestershire, in the year 1586. In 1596, he, with his two brothers, Henry and John, was admitted a gentleman-commoner of Broadgate-hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford. Wood, who states that he was educated at Cambridge, has mistaken him for his cousin Francis, master of the Charterhouse, who died in 1624,—an error not at all to be wondered at, inasmuch as there were four Francis Beaumonts of this family all living in 1615, and of these three were poets; viz., the master of the Charterhouse, the dramatic writer, and one who was a Jesuit. The subject of this article studied some time in the Inner Temple, and his "Mask of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn" was acted and printed in 1612-13, when he was only in his twenty-sixth year. His application to the law was probably not very intense; he devoted himself to the dramatic Muse from an early period; but at what time he commenced a partnership with Fletcher is not known. The date of their first plays is 1607, when Beaumont was in his twenty-first year; in all the editions of their works, and in every notice of their joint publications, notwithstanding Fletcher's seniority, the name of Beaumont stands first. Their connexion from similarity of taste and studies was very intimate; they lived together on Bankside, not far from the play-house, both bachelors, and it is said that they had one bench between them, and that they made use of the same clothes, cloak, &c., and that Beaumont's chief business was to correct the overflowings of Fletcher's wit. The latter part of this allegation is not admitted by certain writers, particularly Sir Egerton Brydges, who suspects that great injustice has been done to Beaumont by the supposition that his merit was principally confined to lopping the redundancies of

Fletcher. The editors of the "*Biographia Dramatica*" say, "It is probable that the forming of the plan and contriving the conduct of the fable, the writing of the more serious and pathetic parts, and lopping the redundant branches of Fletcher's wit, whose luxuriations frequently stood in need of castigation, might be in general Beaumont's portion of the work." This is to afford him high praise, and there are other facts to prove that he was considered by his contemporaries in a superior light, and that this estimation of his talents was common in the life-time of his colleague, who from candour or friendship appears to have acquiesced in every token of respect paid to the memory of Beaumont.

How his life was spent his works will testify. The production of so many plays, and the interest which he would naturally take in their success, were sufficient to occupy his mind during the short span of his mortal existence, which cannot be supposed to have been diversified by any other events than those incident to candidates for theatrical fame and profit.

Mr. Beaumont died in March 1615-16, and was buried in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster. The first edition of his Poems appeared in 1640. The only poem printed in Beaumont's life-time was "*Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*," from Ovid, which he published in 1602, when he was only sixteen years of age.

His original poems, says his biographer, give him very superior claims as a poet. He is generally more free from metaphysical conceits than his contemporaries. His sentiments are elegant and refined, and his versification is unusually harmonious. His amatory poems are sprightly and original, and some of his lyrics rise to the impassioned spirit of Milton and Shakspeare.

John Fletcher, son of Richard Fletcher, bishop of London, was born in Northamptonshire, 1756, and educated at Cambridge. It is not known that he followed any profession except that of a poet, in which capacity, as we have seen, he was the inseparable partner of Francis Beaumont. He is said to have written a comedy in partnership with Ben Jonson. After the death of Francis Beaumont, Fletcher is supposed to have consulted James Shirley on the plots of several of his plays. He died of the plague in 1625, and was buried in St. Mary Overy's church, Southwark. Different accounts, it has already been observed, are given both of the joint and separate title of each author to the plays under the names of Beaumont and Fletcher, and of the share each took in the plays written by them in common. It is generally allowed by the most judicious critics that Beaumont excelled in the judgment that is requisite for forming the plots, and Fletcher in the fancy and vivacity which characterize the poet. Their plays are numerous, consisting of tragedies, comedies, and mixed pieces. They were so popular at one time that they almost engrossed the stage. In general their plots are more regular than Shakspeare's, their comedies are gay, and imitate the language of genteel life better than Jonson's, and their tragedies have many poetical beauties and striking incidents and characters. But their display of passion is rather the product of study than of real observation, and in knowledge of the human heart they fall many degrees

short of Shakspeare. The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, though once so popular, are now rarely acted. Most of them run into luxuriance, and abound in grossness of language which would not now be tolerated by any decent audience. The poetical powers of Fletcher are very advantageously displayed in a piece of his sole composition, "The Faithful Shepherd," a dramatic pastoral on the model of the Italian. It possesses many beauties, and has been imitated by Milton in his "Comus," but its plot is defective and unpleasant.

The first edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays was published in 1647, folio. This edition, however, was not complete: it professedly included no more of their plays than those which had been previously singly printed in quarto. The second, or, more properly speaking, the first edition was published in 1679, octavo; in 1711 another edition was printed in octavo—another edition in octavo was published in 1750. The fourth and last edition was presented to the public in 1811. Now it is a most extraordinary fact, that 150 years should have passed since the death of our poets, and that no more than three complete editions of their works should have been given to the world until the publication of Mr. Stockdale's edition of 1811. Mr. Simpson has prefixed the following introduction to the preface of the edition of 1750:—" 'Tis really surprising that all we know of two such illustrious authors as Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Fletcher were, is, that we know nothing. The composer of the following preface, and editor of their works in 1711, calls it, 'an account of the lives, &c., of his Authors.' But he greatly *miscalls* it, for that they were born in such a year, and died in such a one, is all that he has given us of their history and actions; and by what I can find, had they never wrote a comedy, we should not have known, but upon Mr. Shirley's word, that in conversation they ever had talked one," &c. &c. We have no better means of being acquainted with the share which each individual took in the dramatic compositions, than we have of ascertaining the true and distinct history of themselves. It is quite impossible from any internal evidence to decide which of them formed the plan, and which completed the superstructure of the work; but I should rather be inclined to suppose from a careful examination of the plays that the two different provinces of laying the plot and bringing it forth in detail were continually assumed by both. Mr. Simpson, in the Introduction above alluded to, goes on to say, "Unless I be greatly mistaken, we cannot say that *here* one laid down the pencil, and *there* the other took it up, no more than we can say of two contiguous colours of the rainbow, *here* that ends, and *here* this begins—so fine is the transition, that

'Spectantia lumina fallit,
Usque adeo quod tangit idem est.'

Mr. Seward will lay before the reader what *internal evidence* he thinks he has discovered of a distinction of their hands; but in general, Beaumont's accuracy, and Fletcher's wit, are so undistinguishable, that were we not sure to a demonstration, that the 'Masque' were the former's, and 'The Shepherdess' the latter's sole production, they might each have passed for the concurrent labour of both, or have changed hands, and the *latter* been taken for Beaumont's, and the *former* for

Fletcher's." After the death of Beaumont, Fletcher still continued his labours, and his sole productions teem throughout with the same fire and vivacity, the same originality and vigour, which so strikingly characterize their united efforts. Sir J. Berkenhead says, speaking of the works of Fletcher after the decease of his friend,

" Beaumont died ; yet left in legacy
His rules and standard wit, Fletcher, to thee ;
Still the same planet, though not filled so soon,
A two-horned crescent then—now one full moon.
Joint love before, now honour doth provoke ;
So th' old-born giants forcing a huge oak,
One slipp'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,
Grasp'd the whole tree, and single held up all."

It is, after all, a matter of very little importance whether the whole of the performances be joint productions of authors or whether some whole plays are to be attributed to each individually, and that both at times were indebted to the revising hand of each other. We have only to do with them as the works of the two individuals, and to remark on the varied beauties as they arise before us. How does it happen that these dramas have fallen into such disrepute? from what adequate cause have they been, I may say, absolutely banished from the stage?—for banished most assuredly they have been until Mr. Sheridan Knowles turned his attention to that powerful and splendid tragedy attributed to the sole pen of Mr. Beaumont, "*The Maid's Tragedy*." In adapting this effort of genius to the taste and fashion of the modern stage, Mr. Sheridan Knowles has shewn that tact, acuteness, and discrimination which do not always fall to the lot of those who have been gifted with the same genius. "*The Bridal*" of Mr. Knowles is in our opinion a most successful adaptation, and we only hope that he will not cease in his exertions to bring our authors again on the British stage, and that, in using the powers he possesses in so eminent a degree, he will rescue from undeserved oblivion the names of Beaumont and Fletcher, and give additional lustre to his already brilliant reputation. That great changes have taken place in the literary world, that even our language itself has undergone some almost revolutionary changes, we are most ready to admit. The freedom of expression, amounting to licentiousness, the portraying of scenes which, although true to nature, cast a slur on her most brilliant qualities, although sought after with avidity and applauded to the skies by the most refined audiences, and the best critics of the sixteenth century, would certainly not be tolerated in the eighteenth. That such was the case with the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, at that period, admits of no doubt; and the very fact that Mr. Waller, the duke of Buckingham, and John earl of Rochester, selected a play each for alteration, and adaptation to the stage, adds not a little to their reputation as dramatists. Since on all hands in the literary world the great merit, the high position, of our authors is admitted, is it not too much, that in consequence of the lapse of years, and the necessary progress of civilization and refinement, these plays require some alterations in their language, some pruning of their redundant luxuriances, and, in fine, a judicious adaptation to the modern stage—is it not I say too much that the whole of the brilliant coruscations

of almost unrivalled poetical genius, the profound knowledge of human nature, the regular and scientific development of the plot of the legitimate drama, should be totally lost to the public in an age so eminently qualified to estimate their real value?

"The Maid's Tragedy" was acted very frequently after the Restoration with the greatest applause. There is a curious anecdote about this play related in Winstanley's "English Poets." As our authors were planning the play in a tavern, Mr. Fletcher was overheard by some of the house to say, "*I'll kill the King.*" Words in appearance so treasonable as these were, could not long be kept concealed, and the discovery of them had nearly cost our poet dear: but it being demonstrated that this design was only against the person of a *scenical sovereign*, our author was freed from any further trouble, and the intended process entirely stopped. His grace of Buckingham, it is said, bestowed considerable time in the alteration of another play of our authors, called "Love lies a Bleeding," in the year 1686: this however is lost, and all that is known of it is that in the year 1689 it was in the hands of Mr. Nevil Payne, who was imprisoned at Edinburgh in that year. Mr. Dryden in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," in comparing the French and English comedy, says, "As for comedy, repartee is one of its chiefest graces. The greatest pleasure of an audience is a chase of wit kept up on both sides and swiftly managed: and this our forefathers (if not we) have had in Fletcher's plays, to a much higher degree of perfection than the French poets can arrive at." And again he says in the same work, "Beaumont and Fletcher had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought used his judgment in correcting, if not in contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he wrote to him, and therefore I need speak no further of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him into esteem was '*Philaster*;' for before that, they had written two or three unsuccessfully; as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ '*Every Man in his Humour*.' Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those that were made before Beaumont's death. And they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all *love*. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than necessary. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's; the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suit generally with all men's humour. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs." A. E. D.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NOTES FROM ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

No. I.—DURHAM.

ON the death of Richard Kellow, bishop of Durham, in 1316, a wide field was open for ecclesiastical intrigue, and four competitors for the vacant see appeared, supported by powerful patrons. One of the candidates was Lewis Beaumont, a kinsman of the consort of Edward II., and the brother of Henry Beaumont, a brave and successful soldier, well known on the borders of England and Scotland. Royal promises and bribes assailed the monastic electors in favour of Beaumont. On the day of election the earls of Lancaster, Hereford, Pembroke, and Henry Beaumont, each supporting the interest of their particular candidate, with their followers, waited within the cathedral the event of the conclave, threatening with savage and characteristic violence, "if a monk were elected, to split his shaven crown." The electors, however awed, preserved their firmness, and announced to the irritated nobles, that their unanimous choice had fallen on the prior of Finchale, a man recommended only by the mild dignity of age and of virtue. Edward, urged by the tears and prayers of a beautiful and kneeling Queen, refused to ratify the election, and demanded of the papal court the bishopric for Beaumont. The pope, John XXII., yielded to the solicitations of the sovereigns of England and France, (Beaumont was a descendant of the royal blood of the latter), and bestowed the see of Durham on Lewis. Beaumont, purposing to be installed at Durham on the high festival of St. Cuthbert, began his progress for the north, attended by a numerous and splendid revenue, accompanied by his brother Henry, and by two Romish cardinals, who were charged with an embassy to Scotland. When the episcopal procession arrived at Darlington, the bishop was met by a messenger from the convent of Durham, to warn him that the road was in the possession of marauders; but the sacred dignity of Lewis seemed to place danger at defiance, and the friendly notice was treated with contempt. The road, at a place called the Rushy Ford, crosses a small and sullen rivulet in a low and sequestered spot, well calculated for surprise and the prevention of escape. Here a desperate band anxiously awaited the arrival of their prey, and the bishop and his companions had no sooner reached the ford than they were rushed on and overpowered by a body of light horsemen, under the command of Gilbert Middleton, whom the necessities of the times had driven to adopt the lawless life of a freebooter, and who, on this occasion, is said to have added motives of private resentment, probably against the border soldier, Henry Beaumont, to the desire of plunder. The outlaws at first intended to spare the cardinals and their immediate descendants; but when one after another cried out, "And I belong to the cardinals," they rifled the whole party, after which they restored the cardinals their horses, and suffered them to proceed on their journey to Durham. The bishop and his brother, Henry Beaumont, were carried off, with the rapidity of a border

raid, across a tract of sixty miles, through the heart of the bishopric and Northumberland, to the castle of Mitford, of which Middleton was the keeper. The treasures of the church were cheerfully lavished for Lewis's redemption, and after giving security for the payment of a heavy ransom to the successful freebooter, both captives were liberated. Middleton's good fortune soon after deserted him; he was surprised in his stronghold at Mitford by a neighbouring chief, delivered into the hands of government, and executed at London. Bishop Beaumont did not possess even a competent share of the learning of the age, which from his high birth and rank he might have been supposed to possess, and we are told that during the solemnity of his consecration, he was unable to pronounce some Latin words which occurred in the official instruments, and passed them over.

A curious circumstance was the cause of the death of Bishop Ruthall, who filled the see of Durham during the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., under which monarch he held the privy seal and the office of secretary of state. Ruthall was an avaricious man, and had accumulated great riches. By order of Henry VIII. he compiled an account of the lands and revenues of the crown throughout England; at the same time he also drew up a statement of his own immense wealth, not less in amount than 100,000*l.* sterling. The two volumes were, it is said, bound exactly alike, in fine white vellum, and Ruthall, by mistake, delivered into the hands of Wolsey the inventory of his own private fortunes, instead of the survey of the royal revenues. The cardinal, with malicious satisfaction, placed the volume before the sovereign, observing that though he thought his Grace would be disappointed in meeting with the information he expected, he need be under no difficulty where to apply for the assistance which his necessities required. Henry however made no ungenerous use of the unintentional disclosure; but the chagrin, which the bishop conceived on discovering his error, is said to have been so excessive, that his death was shortly the consequence. Ruthall died 4th of February, 1522. His history is much interwoven with the early part of Wolsey's career. The cardinal was the figuring character, the ostensible person in all public matters; but there is every reason to believe that the bishop originated many of his schemes; at all events the old fox, with much cunning, concealed himself under the cover of Wolsey's authority, and reaped his full share of the plunder and spoils, without partaking any of the odium of the world.

It was well for the cause of the Reformation that it found so mild and gentle a prelate as Bishop Tunstall sitting on the episcopal throne of Durham. This good man, for calling whom accomplished and learned, we have the authority of Erasmus, who knew and loved him well, although descended from a line of warriors, seems to have inherited little of the haughty spirit of his ancestors. He may not unfairly or improperly be called the Cranmer of the Catholic Church. His disposition, naturally mild, had been still further softened by an early attachment to the pursuits of literature; and he lived amidst the intrigues of a stormy court, a singular exception to the factious

violence of the age, respected even by his adversaries, and without a private or personal enemy. Half-disposed to admit the arguments of the reformers, and not denying the abuses of the church of Rome, yet afraid of the consequences of innovation, and repressed by the weight of ancient and received opinion, Tunstall, like his friends More and Erasmus, hovered in opinion betwixt the reformers and their opponents. If Tunstall wanted the firmness and constancy of a martyr, he possessed qualities scarcely less rare and valuable; he refused to persecute others for opinions on which he had himself felt doubt and indecision; and during the heat of the Marian persecution not a single victim bled within the limits of the See of Durham. One Russell, a reformed preacher, was brought before the bishop at Auckland, charged with opinions which, if acknowledged, must have proved fatal to him, and which Tunstall knew he would not deny. "Hitherto," said the bishop, "we have had good report among our neighbours,—I pray you bring not this man's blood upon my head;" and dismissed him unexamined. On the accession of Elizabeth, Tunstall, without however expressing any hostile feeling to the queen, or to the reformers, declined in his old age to change his religious creed, and, being deprived of his see, spent the few remaining days of his virtuous life with his friend Archbishop Parker.

Bishop Pilkington was the first Protestant prelate of Durham; he was a man of great discretion and excellent feeling, well qualified to preside over a diocese, the deep attachment of which to the ancient faith was so notorious. The bishop entered on his duties, impressed with the necessity of not quarrelling for ordinances of mere form and circumstances, with men of real learning and piety, in a dark and superstitious province, almost destitute of Protestant preachers, where, to use his own words, "the priests went with swords and daggers, and such coarse apparel as they could get, not regarding colour or fashion." Bishop Pilkington married late in life, and perhaps at first, from the prejudice of the times against a married clergy, concealed the connexion. He had two daughters, for whom he is said to have saved such large fortunes, as to have provoked the jealousy of Queen Elizabeth, who exclaimed that she "scorned that a bishop's daughter should equal a princess," and deprived the bishopric, in consequence, of 1000*l.* a year, which she settled on the garrison of Berwick.

The fourth Protestant bishop of Durham was Toby Mathew, as he is familiarly called by his contemporaries; he was a man of great theological knowledge, eloquence, power of memory, and "cheerful sharpness of wit, that sauced his words and behaviour." He was an able controversialist, as well as one of the best preachers of his time. In an age when pun and quibble were in high vogue, and when wit was as sure stepping-stone to preferment, Toby Mathew shone forth pre-eminent. It was his favourite saying, that he could as well not *be* as not *be* merry. When vice-chancellor of Oxford, he was one day presiding in court; the court being about to rise, a suitor was importunate for him to wait until his counsel arrived. "Who is your counsel?" asked the vice-chancellor. "*Mr. Leasteed*," answered the man. "Alas!" replied Toby, "no man can stand you in "*lea's*

stead." "No remedy then?" said the suitor. "Necessity has no law," remarked the judge. "Indeed," quoth the searcher after justice, "no more I think has the chancellor." On the accession of James I. to the throne of England, Mathew was translated to the archiepiscopal see of York, on account, he was wont to say, "of his lack of grace;" for, he used to add, making use of a homely northern proverb, "York has the higher rack, but Durham the deeper manger." The bishop's eldest son became a Jesuit in his father's life-time. He was knighted by James for his zeal in promoting the Spanish match; and he has the equivocal honour of being introduced, by Suckling, into his "Session of the Poets."

Bishop Neile, so well known by Waller's anecdote of his court sycophancy, and as an unprincipled courtier, was translated from the see of Lincoln to that of Durham. The bishop, although descended from a good family, was the son of a tallow-chandler, and was admitted a bye-scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, on the foundation of Lady Mildred Burghley, "being then" (1580) "a poor and fatherless child, but of good hope to be learned." However much Neile, as a politician, sacrificed the cause of truth and honesty for the sake of personal advancement, yet he was not destitute of many honourable qualities; he was the encourager of learning and the patron of learned men, to whom he made Durham House a place of general resort, "insomuch as it passed commonly by the name of Durham College." Bishop Neile was exceedingly obnoxious to the parliamentary party; he was censured by the Commons, as one suspected to be an Arminian, and denounced in the Grand Committee of Religion, by Oliver Cromwell, as one who gave countenance to some divines who preached "flat popery." Neile is the only instance of a clergyman passing through six sees; indeed he filled almost every degree and order in the church of England, commencing as schoolmaster and curate, and dying (1640) archbishop of York.

Little is known respecting the two prelates, Montaigne and Howson, who respectively succeeded Neile. The former would jocularly say of himself, when bishop of London, "Lincoln was, London is, and York shall be,"—a remark which perhaps shows his true character as a perfect courtier; his prediction was fulfilled, and he died archbishop of York, after having filled the see of Durham only three months; but so unimportant a personage does he appear to have been, that an old writer informs us, "the month and day of his death are not remembered." Bishop Howson was one of the many English divines who, at the request of King James, entered the lists against Bellarmine and his friends; so confident was he of his own abilities, that he declared, "he'd loosen the pope from his chair, though he were fastened thereto with a tenpenny nail."

Bishop Morton succeeded the latter of these prelates; he was a descendant of Cardinal Morton, Sir T. More's early patron, and appears to have been the inheritor of all his virtues. When residing, but a young man, at his rectory of Long Marston, near York, the plague or other infectious disorder, whose ravages were sufficient to justify that name, and which had never been totally absent from the north of England during the last ten years of Queen Elizabeth, broke out in that city. Morton was constant in his visits to the pest-house

and unremitting in his attention on the poor. He not only instructed, comforted, and prayed with them, but, to make his coming more acceptable, he usually carried a sack of provisions with him for those who were in want. Morton was translated from Lichfield to Durham in 1632, and as long as prudence, generosity, and moderation, are looked on as virtues, so long will Morton's character be venerated in the diocese. Vigilant and diligent in the performance of all the high duties attached to his office, he exercised his Palatine prerogatives with the utmost mildness. Rigidly abstemious himself, he showed a noble hospitality to others, and a perpetual charity to "poor scholars, strangers, and travellers." He enriched no relative, but expended his noble income in charitable and other Christian uses; he was a liberal and bountiful patron. To him Dr. Donne owed his success in life; he induced the poet to take holy orders, and constantly supplied his necessities. "Here Mr. Donne," we are told, said the bishop once, offering him money, "gold is restorative." "Sir," replied the wit, "I doubt I never shall restore it back again," and, adds the narrator, "I am well assured he never did." On the breaking out of the troubles between Charles and his parliament, and the advance of the Scots, the bishop retired to the metropolis. On one occasion, as he was on his way to the House of Peers, he was near being torn to pieces by the mob, some crying out, "Pull him from his coach;" others, who knew him, opposed all violence, saying, "Nay, he is a good man;" to which it was immediately answered, "But he is a bishop!" Morton frequently declared afterwards, that he believed he should not have escaped, had not a leading rioter exclaimed, "Let him go and hang himself," which diverted the purpose of the mob. The bishop was wont to compare these words to those of the angel, uttered by Balaam's ass. In 1641 Morton, having joined with his brother prelates, in protesting against their exclusion from parliament, for so doing was, in common with them, impeached of high treason, but acquitted. On the abolition of episcopacy, Bishop Morton, after twice suffering imprisonment, was deprived of his see; but so highly was his character respected, even by those who persecuted him, that parliament unanimously granted him an annuity of 800*l.*, a much larger maintenance than was reserved for any of his brethren. Of this annuity, all that the bishop ever received was 1000*l.*, with which, after paying his debts, he purchased a small annuity, which was regularly paid till his death. The bishop, having procured the means of subsistence, resided for some time principally in the country; but upon one occasion, riding towards London, he was overtaken on the road by Sir Christopher Yelverton, a determined roundhead, who being known to the bishop, though the bishop was unknown to him, fell into discourse with him, and being much taken with his conversation, enquired who he was? The bishop replied, "I am that old man, the bishop of Durham, notwithstanding all your votes." Whereupon Sir Christopher asked him whither he was going? "To London," replied the good old bishop, "to live a little while, and then to die." On this Sir Christopher entered into further discourse with him, and took him home to his house at Easton-Manduit, where he became tutor to his son, afterwards the very learned Sir Henry Yelverton, who on the death of his

father tenderly cherished the mild decay of the venerable prelate, till his death on the 22nd September, 1659, in the ninety-fifth year of his age. Dr. Morton's works are entirely of a controversial nature; when young, he exposed in numerous tracts the errors of the Romish faith; and towards the close of his life wielded the other end of the controversial staff, by defending the ceremonial of the church, of which he was an useful member, against the Nonconformists.

On the abolition of episcopacy and the dissolution of the see of Durham by the parliament, and sale of its possessions, the greater part of which were purchased by that rapacious republican, Sir Arthur Haslerig, who was thereupon dubbed with the title of the "bishop," the principal gentlemen of the county petitioned parliament that the possessions of the dean and chapter might be erected into a college for the northern counties. This petition was warmly supported by Oliver Cromwell, who was then in command in Scotland. After Cromwell had made himself Protector, he carried this plan into effect, and in 1656 founded the college of Durham, endowed it with large portions of the church lands, appointed some very able professors, and placed the whole under the government of the most respectable of the northern gentry, in the parliamentary interest, as visitors. Although Oliver lived scarcely to see his munificent endowment fairly commenced, yet the orphan college thrived apace; but it having endeavoured to grant degrees, roused the jealousy of its grown-up sisters in the south, so that both Oxford and Cambridge petitioned the Protector Richard against a third university. But within two years the ill-patched machine of government fell to pieces, and with it disappeared, amongst other worse things built upon the same rotten foundation, Durham College. Upwards of 150 years after its dissolution, the clergy of Durham have resuscitated the collegiate establishment; and Bishop Van Mildert and his dean and chapter had the good sense and liberality to carry into effect that, which will ever be one of Cromwell's greatest glories to have originated.

After the Restoration, Dr. Cosin was nominated to the see of Durham, probably in consideration of his sufferings for the church and royalty during the rebellion. During the early part of the reign of Charles I., Cosin, who held a stall in Durham cathedral, joined, with the other members of the chapter, in prosecuting Mr. Peter Smart, one of the prebendaries, before the High Commission Court, for preaching a most outrageously seditious sermon in the cathedral, on the text, "I hate them that hold to superstitious vanities;" from whence he took occasion to call the altar "a damnable idol," and those who bowed to it, "spiritual fornicators;" and the bishops, "Rome's bastardly brood, still doating upon their mother, the painted harlot of the church of Rome." Smart was degraded and fined, but lived to see the full measure of his sufferings returned on the head of Dr. Cosin. Scarcely had the long parliament begun before Smart presented a petition to the House of Commons, complaining in the most aggravated terms of Cosin's superstitious and Popish innovations in the church of Durham; and in the year 1641 Cosin, in consequence, became the very first victim of puritanical vengeance, that suffered by vote of the Commons; all his ecclesiastical benefices

being placed under sequestration. The Commons did not suffer their vengeance to stop there, they impeached him at the bar of the Lords, and that failing, they imprisoned him on a charge, "of having seduced a young scholar to popery." In 1642, Dr. Cosin was an active instrument in sending the college plate from Cambridge to the royal mint, and was in consequence ejected by the earl of Manchester from his mastership of Peterhouse. Being thus deprived of all preferment, and entertaining very rational fears of personal restraint, Cosin passed into exile and withdrew to Paris, where he resided seventeen years. Assailed by argument and sophistry, with poverty on the one hand, and splendid preferment on the other, an exile in a foreign land, Cosin proved his sincere attachment to the church of which he was a member; he defended his own principles against the prior of English Benedictines at Paris, and confirmed those of his wavering brethren. After Cosin's promotion to Durham he proved that twenty years' poverty and privation had not taught him to forget the true use of riches. He erected the noble episcopal palace of Bishop Auckland, on the site of the old castle, having for this purpose, from some strange superstition, pulled down the whole of the new building, which Sir Arthur Haslerig had begun to erect. He almost entirely rebuilt all the episcopal residences, as well as the east end of the chapel of Peterhouse, Cambridge, to which society he gave a magnificent library; and founded eight scholarships in the university. He built the bishop's library at Durham, and stored it with books for the use of his clergy. He appears to have had a great knowledge of books, and was fond of repeating the well-known saying of Joseph Scaliger, "*quanta pars eruditionis est bonos noscere auctores.*" He gave away 2000*l.* of his income annually in charity; amongst his other donations were 500*l.* towards the redemption of Christian captives in Algiers, and an annuity of 10*l.* to an expatriated bishop of the Greek church. When in the prosecution of his great buildings, over which he spent 26,000*l.*, he was often reminded that he was sacrificing the interests of his children, to which he invariably replied, "The church is my first-born." He exercised a noble and unremitting hospitality towards the gentlemen of the county; and, whether he was present or absent, the gates of his palace stood always open as a place of rest and entertainment for those who were travelling on the king's business. "We eat and drink abominably," was the expression of one who knew well his diocesan's liberality. Bishop Cosin was one of those engaged in 1662 at the Savoy discussions with the Dissenters, in which he earned from his opponents the praise of deep learning, and of a frank and generous disposition. Unfortunately, towards the close of his life, he became imbued with the prevailing zeal against conventicles. In parliament Cosin frequently spoke with dignity and effect, and appears to have had great interest, by which he succeeded in quashing the bill, enabling Durham to return representatives to parliament for the county and city, which he violently opposed both in parliament and in the county, on some conception of the measure being derogatory to his own rights, and the peculiar privileges of the palatinate; and the first members for the county and city of Durham did not take their seats in the legislature until after his death in 1675. Domestic afflictions,

produced by the levities of one of his daughters, and his "lost and only son," who twice forsook the faith of his father, and at last took orders in the church of Rome, together with the heavy burden of painful and habitual disease, bore the aged prelate to his grave in 1671. Cosin maintained throughout life an upright and unbending integrity and independence of character, tinged occasionally with a vein of harshness and asperity. For upwards of half a century after his death, some of his works remained popular and in print; they are now, whatever may be their value, forgotten or neglected.

For three years after Bishop Cosin's death, the see of Durham remained vacant; the duke of Monmouth receiving the revenues. Charles the First offered the bishopric to Ward, bishop of Salisbury, which he refused, "because he did not like the conditions;" it was then promised to the Hon. Nathaniel Crewe, bishop of Oxford and afterwards Lord Crewe, a descendant of the chief justice of the King's Bench of that name, who was dismissed by Charles the First for opposing his proceedings relative to ship-money. Although Bishop Crewe had the royal promise of the see of Durham, he found a difficulty in getting into possession, until Lord Lunly informed him that the king had promised a sum to be paid to his mistress, Nell Gwynne, out of this bishopric, and that without agreeing with her nothing could be done. Crewe felt none of Ward's scruples as to the "conditions;" he applied to the royal strumpet, who modestly demanded 6000*l.*, for which the courtly bishop gave her his bond with security; and immediately received the object of his intrigues. Bishop Crewe's life was a continued series of acts of subserviency to the court. His birth and connexions gave him easy access to royalty, by whom he was favourably received,—Charles observing that "he was glad of a gentleman undertaking the service of the church,"—and in 1668 he was appointed clerk of the royal closet, which situation afforded him opportunities of outstripping many of his competitors in the race for preferment. He was promoted in 1671 to the see of Oxford, and two years afterwards had the boldness to perform the marriage-ceremony of the duke of York with Marie D'Este, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of the House of Commons, and Lord Shaftesbury's declaration—"that whoever married the duke, had best take out his pardon under the great seal." The newly made bishop showed such a thorough compliance with all the wishes of the duke of York and his party, that his father, old Lord Crewe, a man of good sense and integrity, who had some puritan blood in his veins, was so much ashamed of his conduct that he never sat in the House of Lords after his son entered it. Crewe's translation to Durham was opposed by Shaftesbury, Buckingham, Lauderdale, and the primate Sheldon, but the duke of York's interest prevailed. Lord Keeper Finch, on reluctantly passing the promotion under the great seal, exclaimed to Crewe, "Sure that will stop your mouth for twenty years." This did not however prevent his applying for the primacy in 1677, which he only lost by the protestations and entreaties of his own father, who probably saw not only the dangers in which the church, but also his son, would be involved by the removal. During the debates on the Exclusion-Bill, Mr. Parkhurst, who was Mr. Crewe's

agent, voted in favour of it, on which the king complained to the bishop. "Sire," replied the subservient prelate, "I'll turn him off to-morrow,"—and kept his promise. The bishop's sister married Admiral Lord Sandwich, a fit associate for a man of his principles, who, whenever he used to speak to the king of any subject before the Restoration, commenced, "When I was a rebel." On the accession of his patron to the throne, Crewe went headlong into all the destructive measures, which reduced the Stuart family from the dignity of kings and princes, to pretenders and wanderers. He displaced the constitutional Bishop Compton as dean of the closet, and on the erection of the new ecclesiastical commission court, was appointed a member of it, and was present at and supported all the illegalities which issued from it. In July 1687, Crewe offered James to attend the pope's nuncio at his public entry into London, and was only prevented by his coachman refusing to drive him. Immediately the sagacious, but obsequious bishop found that the prince of Orange's party would ultimately succeed, he absented himself from the council-board, and begged to be reconciled to his constitutional brethren. After James fled the kingdom, Crewe joined the convocation that met, and joined in the vote that James had abdicated the throne. Being however excepted out of the general pardon, he fled to Holland. Luckily for his temporary interests, he had taken out his pardon, for his conduct in the high commission, two days before James's abdication, and this being held legal, preserved him his ecclesiastical benefices, but he was obliged to place all his preferment at the disposal of the crown. When in Holland, Crewe was permitted to kiss William's hand, during a visit made by that monarch to his native dominions, and had the impudence to ask what his offence was, on which the king turned his back upon him. He returned to London in July 1689, only the day preceding the expiration of the term limited for taking the oaths to the new government, which he immediately, without scruple, took at Guildhall. During the remainder of William's reign, he remained quiet and unmolested, but was not admitted at court. His private fortune, however, prospered; by the death of his elder brothers he became Baron Crewe; married first the widow of Sir Hugh Tynte, and afterwards Dorothy, the beautiful daughter of Sir William Forster, of Bamburgh Castle. He was looked on as one of the leading men of the Jacobite party; he treated with kindness and attention Sir John Fenwick, when a prisoner for high treason, for which he received the thanks of King James, and forgiveness for "all other things." On William's death, a relation of the bishop's deplored his short reign; to which the bishop, pining when absent from the rays of court favour, exclaimed with a sigh, "Good,—truly, I thought it was a long one." Lord Crewe again enjoyed some gleams of royal favour on the accession of Anne, and appeared at his place supporting the queen's right hand at her coronation. He appears to have lost no occasion of soliciting promotion; once, when attending the Princess Anne, she admired his lordship's cane—"With that," said he, "when I was Lord Lieutenant," which office he had been deprived of by William, "I gave the word of command." The princess on this reply turned her attention to his dress, and took particular notice of his cap, and said, "if it were in her power, she would

remove him to a better cap." On her becoming queen he said, "as a bishop, he prayed for her, but as her lieutenant he would fight for her." He strenuously opposed the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverell, for which he was received by the gentry and clergy on his return to his diocese in procession, and was restored to the lord-lieutenancy. Crewe was again rising in court favour, when the death of Anne once more blasted his hopes. He, however, at the hazard of his health, the only exertion probably for which the house of Brunswick was in his debt, hastened to London on the arrival of George I. and officiated at his place at the coronation, when he did not fail to remind his majesty "that he had been supporter at three coronations, —King George's, Queen Anne's, and King James's." "Oh, King James's," said the king; "where were you at King William's?" "Sire, I was then in the Low Countries," was the reply. The bishop, on going afterwards to pay his respects to the king, found admittance denied to him; on which he requested the persons in waiting to "tell the king, he only came to see him, for he had nothing to ask." In a day or two George gave orders that whenever "that good man" came to see him, he should be immediately admitted; which being done, and the bishop having kept his promises, the king dismissed him, "hoping it would be many years before he named his successor!" The bishop spent the remainder of his life in comparative retirement, in the enjoyment of every thing that a splendid establishment and an ample income could afford. In a hospitable age he was noted for his hospitality; he kept open house both at Bishop Auckland and at his seat in Leicestershire, receiving and entertaining all ranks of people; he was tenacious of respect to his station, and felt hurt if not visited by all his neighbours, particularly clergymen. When in his last illness his early political opinions pressed with all the powerful associations connected with his best days upon his mind, and, as he lay dying on a couch before the fire, he cried out, with almost his last breath, mindful of the indifference and insult, with which his servile homage to the houses of Nassau and Hanover had been received, to his chaplain Dr. Richard Grey, "Dick, don't you go over to them —don't you go over to them." Although Bishop Crewe's life was a continued scene of political tergiversation and courtly meanness, the last act of his life will be remembered long after time has drawn a veil over his public errors. Even now he is better known by his charities than his vices. The bishop's brother-in-law, John Forster, M. P. for Northumberland, having forfeited his large estates for his share in the rebellion of 1715, Lord Crewe purchased the whole of the family possessions from government, and by his last will settled them for charitable purposes. The revenues of these estates now exceed 8000*l.* per annum, and being for the most part unfettered by any positive regulations of the founder, have flowed unimpeded through various channels of public and private bounty. "Many men," it is well remarked by one who touches on his history, "have been canonized for much inferior works of beneficence to those of this prelate." Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, the husband of Lady Mary Montagu, was a descendant of the bishop's sister, the countess of Sandwich.

THE BARONESS.—A NOVEL.

BY PARISIANUS.

(Continued from page 274.)

CHAPTER V.

A DISCLOSURE.

WHEN Sans-gêne awoke in the morning, he rubbed his eyes, and strove to collect his scattered ideas so as to call to mind the events of the preceding evening. He laughed heartily when, in the midst of many confused reminiscences, his memory furnished him with the fact of his having despatched M. Delville to Calais by the night diligence; and when the waiter entered his apartment, an unconquerable and continued risibility for some time prevented him from answering the enquiries of that individual concerning the old gentleman.

"He has taken a singular freak into his head, and performed it," said Sans-gêne, amidst peals of laughter.

"Ah!" ejaculated the waiter; "and pray what might the freak be, *Monsieur*?" he added in a respectful tone.

"To get drunk, and go to Calais to drink soda-water," was the reply.

The waiter opened his eyes in unfeigned astonishment, and shrugged his shoulders doubtfully, as he muttered a "*Je n'y comprends rien.*"

"Despatch, waiter, and prepare my breakfast," cried Sans-gêne, when the immoderate ebullition of his mirth had somewhat abated; "for I have important business to transact with M. Deleux, the solicitor, who, by the way, invited me to breakfast with him: but I dare not venture out with an empty stomach; so use despatch—and, waiter—"

"What is your pleasure, *Monsieur*?" said the *garçon*.

"Have the goodness to enquire at the office down stairs, if two or three trunks and half a dozen carpet bags arrived from Paris by the waggon this morning, addressed '*A sa seigneurie*—' no, I mean to '*M. Sans-gêne, voyageur, Boulogne-sur-Mer.*'"

"Certainly, Sir," returned the waiter. "Is there any other commission to be executed for *Monsieur*?"

"Yes—when I recollect myself—call at the banker's in the Rue de l'Ecu, and enquire if a remittance have been received for me."

The waiter bowed, and retired to perform those errands which Sans-gêne knew perfectly well would lead to no result, for his whole wardrobe had accompanied him from Paris in a certain red cotton handkerchief before alluded to, and his present pecuniary possessions were limited to sevenpence halfpenny in *sous* on the mantel-piece.

"The waggon is not yet arrived, *Monsieur*," said the waiter, when he re-entered the room, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; "and the banker has not yet received any advice from Paris relative to your remittances."

"As for the money," said Sans-gêne very coolly, "I do not care about that; but my baggage—that is the essential point—for I travelled purposely in a very old suit, and am ashamed to appear before my lawyer, from whom I am to receive a considerable sum of money, in such habiliments: not but that my coat is cut in the first Parisian fashion"—(it had been purchased at an old clothes' shop for the handsome sum of twelve francs)—"and my breeches" (which he had borrowed from a friend in 1821) "were new only three weeks ago."

"If, *Monsieur*—" began the waiter.

"Speak—do not be alarmed, my dear fellow," said Sans-gêne, affecting indifference as to the nature of the communication about to be made, although he full well divined the nature of it.

"I have a Sunday suit—" continued the timid *garçon*.

"And I have sixteen on the road," observed Sans-gêne.

"Which, if *Monsieur* would accept for a day,—," said the waiter.

"Three of mine are of superfine black cloth—" added Sans-gêne.

"It is at *Monsieur's* service," achieved the attendant.

"With velvet collars—" remarked Sans-gêne.

"No—it has no velvet about it," interrupted the waiter, fancying that the gentleman of the extensive wardrobe was alluding to the coat he so liberally proffered.

"And I shall reward you with fifty francs," cried Sans-gêne, by way of cutting the matter short, to the great relief of the waiter, who was afraid he had not been fully understood.

The clothes were produced, and, considering that the waiter was but ten inches taller than Sans-gêne, they did not fit badly. At all events they were better than the rejected articles; and when Sans-gêne had completed his toilet, made a copious breakfast, and washed down the same with a bottle of St. Emilion, he hurried to the house in which M. Deleux resided. Having waited twenty minutes in the outer office, during which time a clerk was employed in informing M. Deleux of the client's arrival, and a quarter of an hour in the solicitor's private *cabinet*, whither he was eventually shown, Sans-gêne began to feel a certain uneasiness in thus being forced to tarry so unreasonable a time, and accordingly commenced the perusal of some of the lawyer's private papers that lay scattered on the desk, to while away a few minutes—a task which he found somewhat difficult. But the obsequious bows, numerous welcomes, and cordial invitations liberally proffered by M. Deleux, when he entered the room, entirely effaced any disagreeable impression before received. A quarter of an hour was expended in a mutual exchange of compliments; and when all the politeness that the French language and French manners are capable of demonstrating had been effectually lavished on each other by those gentlemen, they proceeded to business, the lawyer opening the conversation in these terms:—

"The respected M. Sans-gêne died very suddenly," observed the solicitor.

"Through his predilection for fried eels, was it not?"

"Alas! poor man—it was," returned the lawyer very seriously.

"And his money-bags, M. Deleux—were they tolerably well lined?" enquired the anxious client.

"The late venerable M. Sans-gêne, who for many years had carried on a certain commercial intercourse with our transmarine neighbours, the English," began M. Deleux with peculiar solemnity—

"Smuggling, I suppose," interrupted Sans-gêne, as he laid his right foot on the corner of the solicitor's desk, thereby interposing the well-polished boot, supplied by the waiter, between his own physiognomy and that of the lawyer; "smuggling, eh? was it not?"

"If we *must* descend to particular details," observed M. Deleux, "it was by those daring transactions that the venerable M. Sans-gêne amassed the sum of twenty-five thousand francs."

"Twenty-five thousand francs!" shouted Sans-gêne in raptures.

"Precisely," answered the lawyer. "Which sum, in the plenitude of his kindness, he has left to you," continued the man of business, "as well as divers barrels of spirituous liquors, some furniture, plate, linen, a waggon with three wheels, a lame horse, a mule, some oriental snakes preserved in spirits, and other valuables duly noticed in a catalogue of the effects."

"Of which I stand much in need," remarked the heir.

"What? of the waggon or the linen?" cried the lawyer in astonishment.

"Oh! no, thank God—but of the property," said Sans-gêne, correcting himself. "At this very moment I have no less than six dozens of fine linen shirts, with cambric bosoms—three dozens—"

"*Mille pardons!*" exclaimed the lawyer; "but my time is precious, and I can readily take your word for the various articles that form your wardrobe. Should you intend to reside at Boulogne—"

"Decidedly not," said Sans-gêne, taking up the solicitor's pen-knife to pair his nails.

"Then, in that case, perhaps the best step that could be taken, would be to realize the personal property, and convert the whole into ready money."

"*Monsieur,*" replied Sans-gêne, "you are a very Solomon—a Locman—an upright judge. Realize the property, and, in the meantime, give me a little cash for immediate purposes."

"With pleasure," answered M. Deleux. "But first, I must communicate a very important secret to you—a secret that has reposed in my breast for the last twenty years—a secret that the late venerated M. Sans-gêne entrusted to my ears on his first arrival at Boulogne."

"*Sacrebleu!*" exclaimed Sans-gêne; "here is a mystery! Pray, was the old gentleman a king in disguise, a prophet, or a necromancer?"

"Neither, my dear Sir; but he was *not* your father!"

"Not my father!" ejaculated Sans-gêne; "I suppose, however, that his wife was my mother?"

"No—M. Sans-gêne, you were no farther connected with the family of the late respected gentleman than by adoption. The name you at present bear, moreover, is neither your own, nor that of your putative father: circumstances, the nature of which he never explained even to me, induced him to assume that appellation, instead of his true one, which was Ménard—Paul Ménard."

"Very likely," remarked Sans-gène; "but I shall retain my present nomenclature, which is not only more *distingué* than that of Ménard; but, by a strange coincidence, is exactly expressive of my true character; so that it would appear as if I were made for the name, instead of the name for me."

"Very true," said the lawyer, smiling at these observations, and glancing towards Sans-gène's elevated leg, which had already caused several "dogs-ears" to curl the angles of certain parchments and deeds scattered over the desk to make a show, the said deeds having been totally useless for the last five years. "I have, however, done my duty," continued the man of business, "in thus communicating a matter which I was only permitted to unfold after the demise of the respected M. Ménard, *alias* Sans-gène. It is now my intention to hand you over ten thousand francs for your immediate wants, and in the course of ten days the whole of your property shall be duly realized and paid to your account at any banking house you may name. I might, moreover, add, that only a few days before his sudden death, M. Ménard expressed his hope to me that you would shortly discontinue your wild courses—pardon me, M. Sans-gène; it is my duty—and become as steady as he could wish you to be. Therefore, *mon cher monsieur*, reflect—"

"Beg pardon, my dear Sir, in return," interrupted Sans-gène, "but my time is plaguy precious—three *rendezvous*, with as many noblemen staying here, already, and two conquests to attend to—might I therefore request—"

The lawyer understood Sans-gène's meaning full well, and accordingly produced the promised sum, which the enraptured heir duly consigned to his pocket, whistling an opera-air as he conveyed each consecutive bank-note of a thousand francs to that particular destination. He then bade adieu to M. Deleux, promised to call in the course of ten days, and sauntered out of the office, not deigning to return the salutation of the clerks, who, from the length of his interview with their master, deemed his call to be somewhat important, and treated him accordingly.

So soon as he had once more arrived at the hotel, he called for his bill, and paid it under circumstances of extraordinary bustle and ostentation. He then sent for a tailor, shoemaker, hatter, and bosier, and speedily equipped himself *cap-à-pie* in new garments, declaring that he was not accustomed to be so long without his baggage, which by this time he had increased to six large trunks and fourteen small ones. The waiter was nobly recompensed for the loan of his clothes; and in a few hours the liberality of "a certain nobleman travelling *incognito*, and stopping at the Hotel de —," was "bruted all over the town," to use the language of ancient romance.

The same evening M. Delville returned from Calais, very irate at the treatment he had experienced from the companion of his debauch, and determined never again to compromise his character and his safety in so disreputable a manner, upon which Sans-gène expressed his resolution to make the old gentleman break his word as speedily as possible. How far they both kept their promises will

shortly appear: in the meantime we must return to the *chateau* in the neighbourhood of Amiens, and the high-born inhabitants of the mansion of Grandmanoir.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ABBÉ PRUD'HOMME.

"How gorgeous is that sunset," said Count de Montville to the two beautiful grand-daughters of the baroness, as they sate on the green lawn opposite the ancient *chateau*. "The rays of that departing sun are as welcome to the children of another hemisphere as they are to us; and while some regret their transitory absence, others hail their approach with a matin hymn."

"It is scarcely marvellous," observed Eugenie, "that semi-civilized nations should adore the sun. Their God is that which they believe to be the source of vegetation, life, heat, and regeneration; and in professing such a creed, they are scarcely to be pitied, much less blamed."

"Is it the solemn stillness of the evening, dear sister, that renders us thus sentimental?" enquired the playful Clemence with a sweet smile; then, while a deep sigh escaped her bosom, she added, "or is it, alas! the increased melancholy of the baroness since the visit of the Notary?"

"That melancholy is inexplicable," said the count. "I have endeavoured to console my ancient friend as well as I possibly could—I have ventured to hint that if any pecuniary embarrassment have caused her pain, a remedy could easily be found—but it is all in vain, *mesdemoiselles*; a deep melancholy hangs over that powerful mind, and will shortly destroy its energies, if it be suffered to corrode there much longer."

The young ladies watched with peculiar earnestness the count's changing features as he spoke, and merely sighed a reciprocal assent to the truth of his observations.

The young nobleman proceeded.

"But, besides her Maker," said he, "there is one man who knows the hidden cause of her mental sufferings—who advises her in difficult matters—who attends to her temporal interests as well as to her future welfare. He is the depositor of her secrets—he has made himself necessary to her—he alone can control her actions, if any one living have such power. And that man is the Abbé Prud'homme—a man whom I mistrust—a man whom I cannot even respect. God knows wherefore—I may be wrong—I may injure him, deeply injure him—but I like him not; and my fears lead me to believe that his counsels are evil, and that those counsels will ruin her!"

The anxiety and interest which were depicted on the countenances of Eugenie and Clemence, as the count made this declaration, were most pungent in the breasts of both; and as they knew that the young nobleman was particularly cautious in the statements he usually advanced, they naturally fancied he had some just reasons to authorize the expression of his opinion with regard to the Abbé.

Eugenie in particular endeavoured to cross-question him on the subject; but at the moment when her curiosity would have probably been satisfied, the count suddenly rose, made a hasty apology for leaving his fair companions, and ran towards a grove that was situate about a hundred yards from the *chateau*. Eugenie and Clemence looked anxiously in the direction he had taken, and shortly espied the Abbé Prud'homme seated on a bench amidst the trees.

De Montville accosted the Abbé with a somewhat stern countenance, and addressed him as follows:—

"I am happy that we should have thus met, Father Joseph. For some time past, it has been my intention to converse with you on a few matters that *now* regard you, and probably may one day relate to myself; at least, circumstances might eventually authorize me to demand an explanation—"

"Demand an explanation, my lord!" ejaculated the Abbé, rising from the bench on which he had been seated, and assuming an air of injured pride.

"Yes—demand an explanation!" repeated de Montville. "And, first, *Monsieur l'Abbé*, allow me to tell you," continued the young nobleman, "that I mistrust you—"

"My lord!"

"Interrupt me not! I mistrust you, Sir; and it is my intention to make you reply to a few questions which I shall presently put to you."

"Lord de Montville," said the Abbé, with admirable coolness, "your language is as inexplicable as it is rude and unseemly. If you hope to intimidate me with harsh expressions, or excite my feelings by severe taunts, your lordship will be mistaken."

"Know you this hand-writing?" cried de Montville, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, and holding it before the priest's eyes.

The Abbé glanced at it for one moment—started—and then suddenly collecting himself, he calmly said, "The writing is similar to my own—but it, nevertheless, is not mine. Some one has forged that document."

"Wretch!" cried the count in a voice of thunder, as he returned the paper to his pocket, and advanced towards the priest with a threatening air; "do you mean to insinuate that I am capable of such a deed?"

"I insinuate nothing," replied the priest coolly; "I would merely observe, that he who would peruse a paper, which he may have found, is capable of a darker act of treachery."

"My suspicions are well grounded then!" observed the count, the flush of rage having left his cheek, and an expression of the most sovereign contempt curling his lip. "Alas! poor baroness!"

"Rather say, 'Alas! poor Clemence!'" muttered the priest; "for when the grand secret shall be known, Count de Montville will pay his addresses to the heiress of some rich estate afar from Grandma-noir!"

The young nobleman heard these mysterious words with an indifference that was as evanescent as it was extraordinary. A moment elapsed ere the singularity of the priest's observation struck him; and

then he knew not how to reply. He cast his eyes upon the ground, reflected on the ambiguity of the Abbé's behaviour, and puzzled himself in vain to find some reasonable meaning for the words that had astonished him. It was evident the priest thought that he was attached to the younger sister; but what grand secret there existed to be made known, and how the revelation of it would affect Clemence, he was at a loss to conceive. A minute's consideration determined him to question the priest in a most peremptory manner on the subject; but, when he raised his head, the "holy father" was no longer in his presence.

Prud'homme, alarmed at the remark he had made, and the half-promise of revealing a secret into which his anger had betrayed him, hastily retreated from the grove the moment his lips had given utterance to words so rash. Without any apparent aim, but in all probability to while away an hour ere he should return to the *chateau* where he was certain to encounter the young nobleman again, the Abbé bent his steps in the direction of the city, and walked a considerable way on the Amiens road. The evening was beautiful and cool, a clear sky above was already spangled with many stars, and a silvery moon beamed chaste and fair in her own celestial sphere. But the priest was totally unmindful of the beauties of nature at that moment; his breast was pregnant with mingled feelings of anger, ambition, and alarm. A more unholy sentiment still predominated also in that breast; and as he threaded his way along the road that ran through the grove, he frequently struck his forehead with impatience, and muttered the name of Eugénie! Dark were his thoughts—darker his machinations—his countenance was ghastly pale, and his features were frequently distorted for some minutes into hideous expressions, the result of violent internal emotions.

The Abbé was aroused from his reverie by the sounds of approaching wheels; and presently he descried a small carriage, drawn by two fleet horses, hastening towards the *chateau* in a direction directly opposite to that pursued by himself. The moment the equipage was met by the worthy scion of the church, the driver pulled up his horses, and respectfully saluted Father Joseph.

"Are you bound for Grandmanoir?" enquired the priest.

"I was, may it please your reverence," answered Jean Maillot, the well-known coachman usually employed by the proprietor of the *Hotel de France*; "but now that I have encountered you, my commission is more than half executed."

"And what may that be?" demanded the priest in partial astonishment.

"There is a sick man at our house," replied Jean hastily; "and having made a variety of enquiries relative to the various people in the neighbourhood, he immediately despatched me to request you to call upon him, when your name and rank were mentioned."

"This is strange—passing strange!" murmured the priest; then, without asking another question, he stepped into the carriage, and was speedily set down at the door of the *Hotel de France*.

A multitude of obsequious bows on the part of the landlord, and a catalogue of polite enquiries relative to the baroness, and the *jeunes*

demoiselles on that of the hostess, rather assailed than welcomed Father Joseph, when he made his appearance in the court-yard of the hotel. His acknowledgments and replies were courteous but hasty; and were speedily cut short by a request to be immediately shown to the apartment of the Chevalier d'Altamont, for such was the name, according to the information he obtained from the host, of the sick gentleman lodging in the hotel. The Abbé was accordingly conducted to the chevalier's apartment, where he found that gentleman, who has already been introduced to the reader, reclining on a sofa placed near the open window, through which the evening breeze was wafted to fan his thin grey locks and cool his feverish cheeks.

"*Benedice, mi fili,*" cried the priest, as he advanced towards the chevalier, and made the sign of the cross. "Meseems that the hand of sickness is upon thee; but if thou hast sent to me for ghostly comfort—"

"Ghostly comfort!" cried the chevalier with a smile of contempt, as he raised himself upon his left arm, and motioned the priest to be seated with his right hand; "ghostly comfort!" he repeated in a less severe tone, "no, Abbé Prud'homme, I am not so deeply affected with corporeal suffering as thou may'st imagine; and had I required ghostly comfort, as thou art pleased to call it, I might have sent to other priests in the neighbourhood, whose abode is not so distant as thine."

The priest gazed in mute astonishment at the singular language which issued from the lips of that old but venerable personage; while the chevalier proceeded in a more conciliatory tone.

"You are a clever man, *Monsieur l'Abbé*, and a man of the world—eh? and a worldly-minded man. Start not—I mean no insult—as the communications I shall shortly make will fully prove; but I must touch a string in thy heart ere I unfold the secrets I have to confide to thee—a string which will oscillate to nothing but the contiguity of gold!"

"Chevalier d'Altamont," began the priest, apparently irate at this unusual frankness on the part of a stranger.

"Silence—and be seated!" cried the old man, with a peculiar tone of command which the Abbé felt himself indescribably bound to obey. "Silence—I repeat—and affect not a virtue you cannot feel. You must serve me—yes—serve me, I repeat, in preference to a certain individual with whom I accidentally travelled a few days ago, and whose name did not transpire till after his departure—and that name is de Moiro!"

"De Moiro!" cried the priest, starting on his chair, and casting a look of mingled curiosity and dread at the venerable individual, who returned his glance with a calmness not unmingled with satisfaction. "De Moiro, did you say?"

"De Moiro, the Notary," was the tranquil reply.

"I know him—know him well!" said the priest, laconically, perceiving that it was useless to dissimulate with the chevalier.

"I am aware of it; and you serve a treacherous friend, a dangerous enemy, and an unprincipled usurer," continued d'Altamont, somewhat warmly. "But you must now enlist yourself in *my* ser-

vice ; and, in order to prove the advantages you will eventually reap by so doing, it is my intention to enter into certain details, which cannot fail to interest and surprise you, at the same time that they will induce you to forsake the cause of a villain."

The priest drew his chair close to the sofa on which the chevalier was reclining, and settled himself to listen with the greatest attention ; while the old gentleman, on his part, raised his body to a more elevated position, the better to recount his narrative, which he began in the following manner.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FADING ROSE.

THE rose that I gave you, how bright was its hue,

How it scented the breeze that play'd round it,

As gracefully sweet in the garden it grew

The fair Summer morn that I found it.

In the pride of its beauty I tore it away

From the stem where Nature had placed it ;

And soon was I destin'd to mark in decay

The freshness and bloom that had graced it.

'Twas eve as once more I look'd on it, and then

A gentle kind hand had caress'd it,

Pour'd balm on the languishing flow'r, and again

Soft fragrance and beauty possessed it.

Life ! life ! how akin to the flow'ret art thou !

Where the bleak touch of sorrow reposes

Comes the mildew of feeling, the blight of the brow,

That robs the warm cheek of its roses.

Thus the heart, all its essence and energy spent,

Pines, droops like the blossoms that perish,

Till the minist'ring angel in pity is sent

To solace, to soothe, and to cherish.

That rose, which I gave you so late was my heart,

Oh ! say that your smile shall renew it ;

Or tell me, at worst, that if fated to part

A tear of regret will bedew it.

J. W. C.

UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF DR. CUDWORTH.

Few philosophers have met with greater injustice both during their lives and since their decease than the profound Dr. Cudworth. During his life it was Cudworth's misfortune to be decried and ridiculed by the worthless courtiers of Charles the Second, for having ventured to expose the dangerous paradoxes of Hobbes, which were inspired by the sudden tide of licentiousness both in principle and in practice, which burst upon the British Islands at the moment of the Restoration. No sooner had the first sketch of the Hobbesian philosophy been privately circulated at Paris, than Cudworth exposed the wanton sacrifice, which it made of all the principles of religion and morality to the establishment of its conclusions; and sounded the alarm against the odious modes of thinking, which the sophist of Malmesbury would have cultivated, and the forms of expression which he would have introduced. Though Cudworth's life was devoted to the assertion of Divine Providence, yet was he not only charged with having fallen into the heresies of Milton, but also with the still deeper degradation of atheism. "He has raised," says Dryden sneeringly, "such strong objections against the being of God, that many think he has not answered them;" "the common fate," as lord Shaftesbury tells us, "of those who dare to appear fair authors." Though from the philosophical writings of Cudworth arose the various arguments concerning the immutability of right and wrong on the different theories of morals, which appeared in the course of the 18th century, and to them may be traced the origin of the celebrated question, Whether the principle of moral approbation is to be ultimately resolved into reason, or into sentiment, yet his great work, "*The Intellectual System of the Universe*," a work beautifully characterized by Mackintosh as one of stupendous erudition, of much more acuteness than at first appears, of frequent mastery over diction and illustration on subjects, where it is most rare, is now rarely referred to or noticed in the productions of British metaphysicians since the time of Mr. Harris and Dr. Price. But what perhaps is still more extraordinary and unjust, several German philosophers have borrowed from his learned pages the most valuable of the materials, for their systems, without the smallest acknowledgment, or even so much as a reference, to Cudworth, as an English writer of celebrity.

Even Kant, the high priest of German Metaphysicians, who is described by Madame de Stael in her usual off-hand manner, "as having given the impulse to all that has been done in Germany both in literature and philosophy," has not hesitated to purloin from Cudworth the line, which he has attempted to draw between the provinces of the senses, and of the understanding, and, to add to the weight of the crimes of which he was guilty, has had the extreme vanity to describe at length the train of thought, by which he was led to the discovery of principles, which had not the slightest claim

to originality, and for a complete exposition of which, blended, it is admitted, with a vein of Platonic mysticism, he had only to turn to the admirable Latin translation of Cudworth's "Eternal and Immutable Morality," published by his own countryman, Dr. Mosheim. And as if to crown the injustice, which the Continent had rendered almost impossible to surpass, England has allowed large *Manuscript Works* of one of the most distinguished of those philosophers, "who, taught by the errors of their time, considered religion as consisting, not in vain efforts to explain unsearchable mysteries, but in purity of heart exalted by pious feelings, and manifested by virtuous conduct," to lie neglected and unpublished, preserved from destruction only by accident. But the value of these MS. works may be doubted; to this we can only say that it is scarcely within the range of possibilities that a "Commentary on the Prophecies of Daniel," (one of the unpublished pieces), from the pen of him, who was appointed by the Parliament in 1657, from his learning to be a member of the Grand Committee of Religion, to consider of a new Translation of the Bible, can be unworthy of the expense of publication. Besides, we have authority for saying that these writings are of the highest value to sound philosophy and religion. Dr. Birch, who was well acquainted with them, in his "Life of Tillotson," remarks that Dr. Cudworth's "Intellectual System" has raised him a reputation, to which nothing can add, but the publication of his other writings still extant in manuscript. Dr. Kippis also tells us that they are known to display great compass of sentiment, and a vast extent of learning. The unfortunate Dr. Dodd, it is known, had access to these MSS., believing them to be the production of Locke, and from them increased the learning of his "Commentaries on the Bible," and adorned the pages of the "Christian's Magazine." Sir James Mackintosh in his writings greatly regretted, so far as related to the "History of Opinion," that the larger treatises of Cudworth were unpublished, while Lord Brougham, in his "Natural Theology," has most naturally enquired, "Why are the MSS. of the author still buried in the British Museum?" Upwards of twenty years ago the "Edinburgh Review" drew the attention of the managers of the press of the two Universities to these unpublished treasures, as proper subjects for the employment of their compositors, which prudence prohibited a commercial publisher from undertaking. Oxford has again within the last twelve months been appealed to on the subject, but appears to shrink from,—as if it were a task,—what ought to be her delight.

The history of the fate of these Manuscripts is somewhat curious. They were left by Cudworth to the care of his daughter, Lady Masham, who had the honour to nurse the infirmities, and to watch the last moments of Locke, who was opposed to her father in speculative philosophy, but who heartily agreed with him in the love of truth, liberty, and virtue; and for a long time they quietly reposed in the library at Oates in Essex. About the year 1762, Lord Masham, who was about to marry a second wife, removed a number of volumes of ancient learning, which had been bequeathed to the family by Locke, together with these Manuscripts of Cudworth, to make room for books of modern amusement and refinement. Either the whole or a considerable part of the volumes thus ejected were sold to Mr.

Robert Davis, then a bookseller in Piccadilly. Mr. Davis being told, or, what is more likely, having concluded, that the Manuscripts were the productions of Locke, it became an object of consideration with him, as a tradesman, how to convert them to the best advantage. They contained, among other things, sundry notes on Scripture. About the same time a number of MS. Scriptural notes by Dr. Waterland came into the possession of the booksellers. These persons determined with the aid of such celebrated names as Locke and Waterland, to publish an edition of the Bible with annotations. At a consultation, however, it was suggested that, though these names were very important, it would be necessary, to complete the success of the design, to join with them some popular living character. Dr. Dodd was then at the height of his reputation as a preacher; and accordingly, he was fixed on to edit the work. This was the origin of "Dr. Dodd's Bible." When the Manuscripts were returned to Mr. Davis, he carried them down to Barnes in Surrey, where his country-house was, and threw them into a garret, where they lay exposed to all the dangers of such a situation. About the beginning of the year 1777, "a gentleman," as Dr. Kippis, who derived his knowledge of these papers chiefly from his friends, Bishop Law and Dr. Joseph Jeffries, informs us, who had a veneration for the name of Locke, and was concerned to hear that any of his writings were in danger of being lost, went to Barnes to see the Manuscripts; and being positively assured by Mr. Davis, that they were really the productions of that eminent man, he immediately purchased them for forty guineas. He was, however, soon convinced, after an examination of them, that the authority of the bookseller was fallacious; he remonstrated against the deception, and Davis agreed to take them back, being paid ten guineas for his disappointment in the negotiation. The "gentleman" thus referred to by Dr. Kippis, we have discovered to have been Mr. Jacob Bryant, the learned and ingenious author of "The Analysis of Ancient Mythology." In his investigation of the Manuscripts, Bryant discovered, by many incontestable proofs, that they were the writings of Dr. Cudworth; he recommended them to the Curators of the British Museum, by whom they were purchased, and thus, at last, after many perils and mutilations, safely lodged in that noble repository.

The writings which were thus placed in the British Museum, consist of 5 vols. "On Free Will," 2 vols. of "Commentaries on Daniel," 1 vol. of "Collections of Confused Thoughts relating to the Eternity of Torments," and 2 vols. of "A Common Place Book of Motives to Moral Duties." In order to excite the attention of the learned to these valuable, but unknown treatises, we shall make some extracts from them, not pretending to point out those which are valuable from those of superior excellence, but collected at random. Before, however, doing this, we cannot forbear quoting Mackintosh's remarks on Cudworth, in order to prepare the reader for the mind and style of the author; without, however, agreeing in every particular with that learned writer. "In all Cudworth's writings it must be owned, that his learning obscures his reasonings, and seems even to oppress his powerful intellect. It is an unfortunate effect of the redundant ful-

ness of his mind, that it overflows in endless digressions, which break the chain of argument, and turn aside the thoughts of the reader from the main object. He was educated before usage had limited the naturalization of new words from the learned languages; before the failure of those great men, from Bacon to Milton, who laboured to follow a Latin order in their sentences,—and the success of those men of inferior powers from Cowley to Addison, who were content with the order, as well as the words of pure and elegant conversation, had, as it were, by a double series of experiments, ascertained that the involutions and inversions of the ancient languages are seldom reconcilable with the genius of ours; and, unless skilfully, as well as sparingly introduced, are at variance with the natural beauties of our prose-composition. His mind was more of an ancient than of a modern philosopher. He often indulged in that sort of amalgamation of fancy with speculation, the delight of the Alexandrian doctors, with whom he was most familiarly conversant.”*

LIMERICK CATHEDRAL BELLS.

By J. S. COYNE.

“Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells.”—MOORE.

FAIR garden of the south—delightful vale of Florence! What classic associations are recorded in that name! Who could gaze on the lovely Val’d’Arno, tread the classic top Fesiole, or wander through the gardens which tradition points to as the scene of the Decameron, without recalling the memory of Dante, Milton, Byron, and Boccaccio, whose deathless writings have consecrated these spots? Amidst this scene of beauty the eye knows not where to rest; hills upon hills, crowned with lofty pine forests and bounded by the rugged Appenines, rise in the distance—while around and beneath us handsome villages, and white cottages, over-shadowed with vines, are seen gleaming through orchards on either side of the road. In one of the most lovely spots in this romantic valley lived the peasant Giulio; his parents were humble tillers of the soil; a small vineyard and a few sheep, which latter it was young Giulio’s duty to tend in the fields, composed their whole earthly store; and while they pursued the “even tenor of their way,” undisturbed by the feudal contentions which deluged the streets of Florence with the blood of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, they sought not to occupy a higher station in life than that into which fortune had thrown them. Not so with their son Giulio—the boy nursed a spark of that Promethean fire in

* The writer of the above article would be happy to assist any publisher in preparing for the press these works of Cudworth, which ought to be no longer withheld from general perusal.

his bosom which wanted but a fostering breath to kindle into a flame. Sixteen summers had passed over his head, and already had he begun to feel the restless workings of ambition in his mind : his home became distasteful, and his light labours wearisome ; he sighed to distinguish himself in that world, where his fellow-men were toiling for fame, riches, and honour, but he knew not how to emancipate himself from his degrading thralldom. There was, however, a stronger feeling than the half defined workings of natural enthusiasm, operating upon Giulio's mind. Marietta was the loveliest maiden that ever trod the shores of the classic Arno ; her raven hair floated over a brow of marble whiteness, and her large black eyes softened into an expression of such melting tenderness, when by chance they met those of Giulio at the village festivals, that the fascinated youth, from at first thinking often of those dazzling eyes, at length could think only of them and their beauteous possessor. Need it be told, Giulio was soon steeped to the lips in love ;—but Marietta was rich, and Giulio poor,—and he knew enough of mankind to be assured that with her family his case was hopeless. Day after day he devised wild schemes of realizing wealth sufficient to entitle him to lay claim to Marietta's hand ; but none appearing feasible to his mature consideration, they were all in turn rejected as soon as formed.

One lovely summer evening, when the Val'd'Arno's olive and ilex groves were covered with the purply and blue shadows of evening, as Giulio was leading home his flock, inwardly repining, like the prince of the Happy valley, at the fate which chained him there in inglorious ease, his attention was arrested by a strange voice hallooing to him to stop. The person from whom it proceeded soon appeared at a short turn in the road above him, leading, or rather dragging a jaded mule down the rugged path. "Confound your weary mountain ways !—Santa Virgine ! an' a day's journey by one of them be not worse than a barefoot pilgrimage to our lady of Loretto : my name is Nicolai Lamberto," said the stranger in no very complacent tone, as he approached Giulio, who saw in the person who had addressed him a middle-aged stout-built man, habited in the simple costume of a burgher, save that his cap was of the richest Genoa velvet, and that a gold button, in which sparkled a large jewel, looped it up on one side ; in other respects his dress differed a little from that of any unostentatious trader. "Young man," said he, addressing Giulio with a frankness of manner which bespoke an acquaintance with the world, "can you guide me to some neighbouring cottage, where I may refresh myself and my tired mule ?"

"If you be content with a shepherd's simple fare," replied Giulio, "my father's roof stands amidst yonder group of olive trees—there, Signor, you will at least find a secure shelter for the night."

"More I seek not, good youth ;—and so, if it please you, let us hasten thither, for the day's toil hath given me a marvellous keen appetite." Thus saying, they descended the narrow pass together, Nicolai tugging at the bridle of his mule, and Giulio driving before him his flock of sheep. Nicolai received on that night the cheerful hospitalities of the shepherd's cottage—coarse bread, dried fruits, olives and cheese, furnished forth his table ; and if his bed wanted the

downy softness of the couches of the great, it was also without their thorns. In the morning, after a plain repast with the shepherd's family, Nicolai Lamberto prepared to depart; but before he had put his foot in the stirrup, he called Giulio to his side.

"Giulio," said he, "you have showed me kindness, and it is meet I should return it in some sort. Your industry and genius are buried in these mountains: come and live with me and I will place you in the high road to wealth—not by the sword or the pen, for I am but a free citizen of Florence, as good a brass and metal founder as any in Tuscany; for that is the trade whereby I have made a fortune that would not be altogether despicable in the eyes of the proudest merchant princes of Florence." Giulio's heart throbbed tumultuously on perceiving the road to independence thus suddenly open to him; eagerly grasping the stranger's hand, he pressed it impressively to his lips, and thankfully promised to accept his generous proposal.

"Well then," replied Nicolai, as he turned his mule's head from the cottage door, "when you arrive in Florence enquire for Nicolai Lamberto, the brass founder, and I warrant you will not be long till you find me out."

The following morning saw Giulio quitting the paternal roof. His step was indeed more elastic and his eye more confident than usual, as he sprang down the rocky path which led to the high road; but he could not avoid turning at intervals to gaze on the humble home which had sheltered his infancy, and a shade of deeper melancholy passed over his open brow as he passed before the white walls of a neat villa, bosomed amongst trellised vines, and almost shrouded by the veil of crimson flowers that overspread its roof—it was Marietta's dwelling. Entering the paradise in which his every hope was centred, he approached the house—all was still, save the ceaseless dropping from the dew-laden shrubs around. Plucking a single blossom from a Clematis whose truant branches had wandered luxuriantly through a half-open lattice, he pressed it passionately to his lips and his bosom, and with a fervent aspiration to Heaven, for her whose happiness was dearer to him than his own, rushed from the spot, as fearful of trusting his resolution should he linger long in that seductive scene. Three years had rolled away before Giulio re-appeared in his native hamlet; and then the slender joyous youth was transformed into the firmly knit serious man. Nicolai had not been unmindful of his promises. The old man loved Giulio as a son, and under his care he had become the cleverest artist in Florence; he had, however, died suddenly, but not without leaving to Giulio a sufficient independence to entitle him to aspire to Marietta's hand, who still remained unwedded, although numerous advantageous proposals of marriage had been made her. An offer from a person of Giulio's expectations for his daughter's hand stood little chance of being rejected by Marietta's father. The young man was admitted as the formal lover of the beautiful *donzella*, and before a month had elapsed it was whispered amongst the gossips at the fountain, that Marietta's bridal garments were preparing in a style of magnificence which bespoke the wealth and the attachment of her future lord. One circumstance only delayed their union. Giulio

had exhausted all the ingenuity and skill he possessed in making a ring of bells, and he only waited their arrival from Florence to present them to the church of his patron saint. They at length arrived, and were hung in the tower of the village church; and on the day in which Giulio received at the altar the hand of his lovely bride, he heard those bells, whose sweet tones he prized next to the music of Marietta's voice, ring out their first joyous peal to celebrate his nuptials. Every wish of Giulio's heart was accomplished; his pride and love were gratified, and he felt, as the rain of roses from the hands of their bridal train descended on his and Marietta's head, that Heaven had filled his cup of happiness to the brim. For six years the sunshine of content shone upon the peaceful dwelling of Giulio and his happy partner; boys and girls, with cherub locks and rosy cheeks, had climbed his knees; the sound of the matin chime stirred his heart to gladness, and the vesper bells at the solemn evening hour attuned his spirits to calm delight—they were his—the works of his own hand, and their clear tones came like the voices of old friends upon his ear. But man is not born to enjoy uninterrupted felicity. Internal warfare, which had so often rendered the sunny plains of Italy desolate, again spread her banners over the Tuscan hills. Alessandro Medici (afterwards first duke of Florence), who had been banished by the republican party, endeavoured, with the assistance of the Imperial troops, to regain his authority in Florence, whose territories he entered with a large army. Giulio, prompt at his country's call, flew to join the republican bands who were collecting to resist the tyrant's efforts; and as he kissed away the tears from his Marietta's streaming eyes, and clasping his beautiful children to his bosom on bidding them adieu, a dark presentiment crossed his mind that he was doing so for the last time. Giulio foreboded rightly; when he next crossed the threshold of his home, it was lone and desolate, the door swung idly on its hinges, and the lattice flapped mournfully in the blast—War's ruthless hand had turned his paradise into a hideous wilderness; slaughter and rapine had rioted in the abode of peace and innocence; his wife and children had perished, and Giulio was—alone in the world. He stood by his cottage porch, contemplating in gloomy silence the scene which surrounded him. The setting sun, poised upon a distant mountain's ridge, seemed to linger for an instant to take a parting glance on the vine-clad hills and valleys, and then plunged downwards into the dawn of another world. Giulio started—'twas the Ave Maria! hour—

“the hour,

The time, the clime, the spot, when *he* so oft
Had felt that moment in its fullest power,
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft:”—

—his ear sought to catch the familiar tones of the vesper bells from the village church—but he watched in vain; deep purple shadows overspread the vale below, but that long loved chime, which had

ofttimes called the pilgrim and the mountaineer to repose or prayer, was silent.

"*They too are gone,*" he exclaimed; "*and their merry peal will never more glad my heart. The hand of the spoiler has taken all; he has torn the branches from the tree, and it is meet that the withered trunk should perish likewise.*" As he spoke, he rushed from the scene of desolation, fleeing with the blind speed of a maniac, and never again returned to the deserted walls of his once happy home.

* * * * *

One evening, at the close of summer, a foreign-looking bark was observed slowly drifting up the Shannon's noble stream, a few miles below the city of Limerick. The last breath of the day breeze was dying away in her flapping sails, and it was quite evident that she would be unable to reach the quay of Limerick that night. A few boatmen, who had been watching her progress from the shore, at length put off, in the expectation of getting some employment as pilots or assistants to the stranger. Upon reaching the bark, a grave-looking man, habited in black, whose sun-bronzed brow and quick black eye betokened him a native of a more southern land, leaned over the vessel's side and anxiously enquired if they would row him up to Limerick without delay, at the same time offering them a liberal compensation for their trouble. The business was easily settled, and the stranger stepping into the stern of the boat, threw himself along the seats, so totally absorbed with his own secret communings that he seemed to view unheeded the picturesque scenery by which they were gliding every moment. The rowers bent to their oars, and the light boat shot rapidly through the water, leaving behind a glittering line of broken light upon the broad expanse of the tranquil river. At length the dusky towers of St. Mary's Cathedral became visible in the distance as the last rays of the sun burnished the still waters, which lay like a broad mirror around them. At this moment the bells from the old cathedral rung forth a solemn chime. The stranger started from his lethargic trance, his sunken eye kindled with unusual lustre, and his sickly cheek became flooded with a dark crimson tide. He listened for a moment, as their clear tones came mellowed by distance over the calm tide. "*They are mine! they are mine!*" he shrieked, and sunk backwards, overpowered with the violence of his emotions. The rowers, who imagined he had fallen into a swoon, hastened to support—they raised him up. He was dead!

The rest of the tale is shortly told:—Giulio had wandered from his country, alone and desolate, through many a foreign clime; his name had been forgotten in his native village, or only spoken of as the young man who had manufactured the fine set of bells, which in the civil wars had been purchased by an Irish ecclesiastic, but no one knew whither they had been conveyed. Such is the history of the ill starred Italian and the *Limerick Cathedral Bells*.

HORÆ PHILOSOPHICÆ, No. I.

—
 "For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
 More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
 Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
 Than all of taste his tongue."

AKENSIDE.

—
 MAN may truly be defined to be a philosophical animal. In all ages of the world he has ever manifested the same ardent love for wisdom. Knowledge, or wisdom, which is knowledge digested and matured, has ever been the grand object of his desire. After this he has toiled with an enthusiasm that no obstacles could subdue. Seas have been traversed by him, mountains have been climbed, caverns have been searched, and the most distant countries have been explored in pursuit of this precious treasure. With an indomitable determination he has forced his way into the inner chambers of nature, and discovered the secret of many of her mystic operations. There has been within him an "obstinate activity, an unsuppressive spring," that has ever continually impelled him onward. Every new discovery he has made has only encouraged him to proceed still farther. As he has advanced in the course, not only has the goal been receding, but his own vigour has been inexhausted. Every fresh irruption into the regions of knowledge has opened new vistas, displayed new lines of country, and pointed to hills still dimly seen on the distant horizon, whose picturesque beauty has tempted him to advance.

Whence then springs this love of wisdom? Whence this unsatisfied desire, this insatiable longing, this restless inquietude of the soul? "If there be," says an eminent writer, "a propensity in the human mind which distinguishes from the inferior order of sentient beings, a propensity which alone may be taken for the characteristic of the species, and of which no trace is to be found in any other; it is disinterested intellectual curiosity, a love of discovery for its own sake independent of all its advantages. In no case that is of essential advantage, of indispensable necessity, not only to our well-being, but to our very existence, has God left us to the care of our reason alone. He has committed the improvement of the intellectual powers of the soul to the sure hand of curiosity, and he has made this so strong in a few superior souls whom he has appointed to give light and knowledge to the whole species, as to abstract them from all other pursuits, and to engage them in intellectual research, with an ardour which no attainment can ever quench, but, on the contrary, inflames it more by every draught of knowledge."

Here then is the true source of all our philosophy. This simple element of feeling, curiosity, implanted by the Author of our being in the human breast, is the radical principle of all those vast discoveries

in philosophy and science, which, by enlarging and extending the province of the mind, have raised man in the scale of creation, and made him indeed a little lower than the angels. Without this feeling he would roam abroad through the world ignorant of "nature and nature's laws," and not seeking to know them; but with it he is ever busy and enquiring; he investigates, analyzes, and explores; traces effects up to their causes, penetrates into the arcana of the universe, and gives laws to the rolling planets. Without this, life would be to him a dreary and tiresome journey through scenes uninteresting and unattractive; but with it an agreeable charm is spread over all things, his soul is kept in a constant state of pleasing activity, and he finds a pure and beatific delight in contemplating the endless variety of objects that are ever presented to his view. It is under the influence of this feeling, modified of course, and directed as his mind advances by the superinduction of others, that he has sedulously applied himself to scientific pursuits, and trained up into a rich and beautiful luxuriance that tree of knowledge, which, to use an expression of Dr. Chalmers, "has spread its lovely efflorescence over the whole field of humanity."

"For such the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul
In Truth's exhaustless bosom."

The discovery or the knowledge of these "sacred stores," is what is generally meant by the term philosophy. The invention of the term (the simple word *σοφία*, or wisdom, being previously used) is due to the modesty of Pythagoras. The occasion on which he introduced the change is thus related by Cicero:—

"It happened while Pythagoras was at Phlius, that the chief of the Phliasians was exceedingly charmed with the ingenuity and eloquence with which he discoursed upon various topics, and asked him in what art he principally excelled? To which Pythagoras replied, he did not profess himself master of any art, but that he was a philosopher. Leon, struck with the novelty of the term, asked him what was a philosopher, and wherein they differed from other men? Pythagoras replied, that as, in the public gains, some are contending for glory, while others are buying and selling in pursuit of gain, there is always a third class who attended merely as spectators; so in human life, amidst the various characters of men there is a select number who, despising all other pursuits, assiduously apply themselves to the study of nature, and the research after wisdom; 'these,' added Pythagoras, 'are what I call philosophers.'"

The term has since been universally adopted; and though its etymological meaning might seem to be sufficiently plain, yet both ancient and modern writers have taken pains to define it. Cicero defines it, "*Scientia rerum divinarum et humanarum cum causis.*" Bacon, "*interpretatio naturæ,*" and a later writer in our own vernacular tongue, and perhaps with still more correctness, "that love of

wisdom which urges men to enquire into the nature of things, and stimulates them in the pursuit of all important and useful science."

There is not perhaps much real difference in any of these. In all of them the wide domain of Nature is taken to be the great theatre on which philosophy has to act. And viewing it in this, the true sense, how vast and boundless is the field of its operations! "*πολὺς νομὸς ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα.*" How great and limitless is the expanse! With what an exhaustless affluence of treasures does it abound! How many rich mines lie beneath its surface, into which no shaft has ever yet been sunk! The great Newton himself, the interpreter of the universe, modestly said that he was only picking up a few shells by the great ocean of truth. And notwithstanding his amazing industry and unrivalled success, how many rare and beautiful ones remain yet to be gathered! Every successive roll of that mighty deep is tossing up fresh heaps upon the strand. Upheaved from the crystal caves and coral depths in which they were imbedded, they lie scattered in magnificent profusion around. Let not rash and ignorant presumption, however, hope to gather them. Shrouded in their own mystic beauty, they lie deeply concealed from the idle gaze of the careless and casual observer. It is only to those who seek them carefully, diligently, and devotedly, that this loveliness is unveiled.

It is a strange fact that so little advances were made by the ancients in sound practical knowledge. Of them it might indeed be said, that though there was much philosophy amongst them, yet there was little wisdom. With all their lectures, and precepts, and eloquence, more useful discoveries have been made in the period that has elapsed since the revival of letters in the latter end of the thirteenth century, than in the whole space of time antecedent. The art of printing, the use of gunpowder, the mariner's compass, the telescope, the barometer, and all sorts of useful manufactures by which the comforts of society have been substantially advanced, have been invented since. Improvements of all kinds have been advancing with a rapidity almost miraculous. It seemed as if the human mind, starting from the deep slumber of the middle ages, had sprang forth upon a new and glorious career with all its energies more vigorous and valiant than ever. And with giant's strides has it continued to advance, breaking down every barrier that seemed threatening to oppose it. Having shaken off the iron yoke of barbarism, it has pushed forward its faculties with all the fresh vigour of a juvenile freedom. And yet how great must have been its exertions in emerging from the state of deep and degraded ignorance in which it was sunk. How thick were the shades that then hung upon the world. "Clouds on clouds of darkness," says the elegant historian of the Roman empire, successively rose in the sky, till the congregated host, gathering fresh terror as it rolled along, obscured the sun of Italy and sunk the western world in night." And yet, though the surly and tempestuous storms from the north had thus

"Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
Of liberty and wisdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring Night,"

yet a fresh light dawned upon the horizon, and the arts and sciences sprang up again beneath its cheering and renovating influence. And ever since have they continued to bloom and flourish with a loveliness and richness of vegetation unknown in all the ancient days of philosophy and science.

How comes it, then, that the ancient times were so barren of all useful knowledge? How comes it that the Platos and Socrateses, and Aristotles have done so little profitably to enlighten mankind? The plain reason is, that they devoted themselves too much to speculative theories. They never contemplated the truth of that celebrated maxim of Bacon, the foundation of all his philosophy, that "knowledge is power." They loved rather to luxuriate amidst the profound abstractions of an *idealess* metaphysics, than to acquire that knowledge of things, or as Bacon calls it, that "power over matter," by which the happiness of mankind would have been really and effectively promoted. If they gave themselves up devotedly to study, it was more that they might be abstruse reasoners, or subtle dialecticians, than propounders of useful and important truths. They loved the operations of mind for its own sake, rather than with a view to any direct practical results. If they looked into the blue depths of heaven, and endeavoured to trace the paths of worlds throughout the immensities of space, it was more for the moral beauty of such discoveries, for the refined pleasure of such abstract intellection, than with a hope, or perhaps even a desire that a knowledge of such things would ever enable man to steer his way over the vast solitude of oceans, and visit and revisit the most distant countries on our globe. They were, in fact, to a certain degree isolated from their fellow men. They looked down with a lofty pride upon the vulgar pursuits of ordinary life. Wrapt up in their own sublime musings, they kept their eyes steadily fixed upon a visionary moral optimism, and they rather endeavoured to paint in vivid colours the beauty of this object, than to lead men to it, even supposing it to be attainable. Hence, while they wandered in imagination through the beautiful and enchanting vales of this philosophical Elysium—while the porch and the academy echoed to the strains of heavenly eloquence* in which their moral precepts were delivered—they added little to the substantial happiness of mankind. So that Democritus seems not to have been much mistaken when he said that the knowledge of nature lay hid in certain deep mines and caves.

And yet, with all their imperfections, what a charm is hanging about the scenes in which those great and illustrious men taught. Who can think, without emotion, of

"Fair Lycæum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale
Where, oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolved his tuneful streams
In gentler murmurs?"

* So pure was the eloquence of Plato, that it was said, if the gods came down from heaven to dwell among men, they would adopt his style.

Such scenes are the venerated haunts of a thousand and a thousand sublime and holy associations. The mind loves to linger amongst them. There is a trail of heavenly light about them that both warms and enchants the imagination. What, though practical science made little advances amongst them, yet was not their philosophy beautiful—that philosophy which one of their teachers was said to have brought from the tenth heaven, and whose precepts even at this day continue to attract the admiration of the world? Greece—the spring of every classic recollection—the haunt of every thing noble and lofty in intellect—the nurse of genius and heroic enterprise—“the warrior’s dwelling and the Muses’ seat;”—that lovely Tempe which poesy and philosophy seem at one time to have selected for their favourite abode;—alas, though now thy glory is gone, thine ancient lustre faded, thy columns mouldering, and thy mightiness defaced, yet thou art still a watchword to the nations, the trump of Fame shall sound thy glory to the most distant age, and

“Still shall Memory, with reverted eye,
Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh.”

The memory of thy greatness and thy glory never shall depart. Like the fabled light of the Rosicrusian’s ever-burning lamp, an undying halo is hanging around thee, illumining the darkness of the grave.

“Who does not see with an admiring eye
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?”

Human learning has generally been divided into three branches, corresponding to three faculties or powers of the mind,—history, poetry, and philosophy; history referring to memory, poetry to imagination, and philosophy to reason. This division has been objected to by Professor Stewart, and indeed justly, for it will at once be seen that the parts are not sufficiently distinct, inasmuch as the exercise of the reasoning faculty, to which, in the division philosophy has been peculiarly assigned, is essentially necessary both in history and poetry. And therefore philosophy in its general sense can hardly be separated from the others. And indeed it is quite common to hear of the philosophy of history and the philosophy of poetry. History, properly so called, is certainly a mere register of the events of former times in the order and succession in which they have occurred; and so far as the mind merely takes cognizance of them, without either comparing them with each other, or tracing them to their causes, or deducing principles from them, so far memory is plainly the only faculty that is made use of; and a man with a perfect memory and but little reasoning power, might thus be a complete and perfect historian. But is this the use that is to be made of history? Is history to be merely a bare register of events, a barren catalogue of all the great personages that from time to time have appeared on the vast theatre of the world, with an account of the different parts which they have severally performed? Surely not: surely history is destined for other purposes. In history a vast volume is unrolled for the instruction of mankind. It is the legacy which former ages have

left to us their posterity, and which we are to hand down with additions to generations yet unborn. History connects the present time with a portion of the eternity that is past; it affords us a firm footing, as we walk across the dark abyss of ages, and live in the midst of scenes over which centuries have rolled. In history we read of the tumults, disorders, and revolutions that have been brought upon the world by pride, lust, ambition, avarice, revenge; we read of the actions of man in all the various characters and situations in which he has been placed; we see, as in a moral map, a full and fair and accurate delineation of all the passions of the human heart, and of all the good and evil with which the exercise of those passions has been attended, and our duty is plainly not to read those events as we would the adventures of Jack the Giant-killer, or Robinson Crusoe; but to trace, and examine, and investigate, and compare the different events recorded, and, by the due exercise of reason, to draw from this vast moral magazine, lessons for the future regulation of our conduct. Thus history without philosophy would be a mere dry skeleton, without either the principles of life or the elements of beauty; or it would resemble those leafless trees which are to be seen in winter, admirable for the minute ramification of their branches, but destitute of that fresh green luxury of foliage which is so necessary for their perfection.

Again, in poetry how necessary is philosophy! But we must defer this till our next number.

SONG.

I NEVER doubted of thy love,—thy love was all to me;
I thought it was as fond and true as that I felt for thee;
And ever will I think it was, although it did not last;—
The present is but nought to me,—I live upon the past.

I still can hear thy fervent vow, and see thy trembling tear;
My yielding heart is still the same, and thou art e'en more dear.
A treasure lost is valued more than when secure in sight,
And thy lost love is dearer now than ere it took its flight.

Thy fickle heart can never know the pangs for thee I feel,—
A woman's faithful breast alone the secret can reveal.
I loved thee, and must ever love thee only, *only thee*;
Thy first fond smile is on my heart, and there will ever be!

R. S.

ECONOMY OF THE MONTHS.

OCTOBER.

Exordium.—Programme.—Characteristics of the month.—Return from watering places.—Pheasant-shooting.—Proper-sized shot.—Partridges.—Hare-hunting.—Angling.—Harvest-home.—Association of ideas.—Roast goose and Queen Elizabeth.—Michaelmas geese in the reign of Edward IV.—Another Virgin Queen.—A new era.—Tribute to the memory of William IV.—Virtues of the royal widow.—Queen Victoria's parliament.—Advice.—A pensioner, King by sufferance.—Matrimonial schemes.—Character of Queen Elizabeth.—New Parliament.—Coalition.—Plans of the Melbourne Cabinet.—What of the new houses of parliament?—Land and sea fights.—Nelson and Trafalgar.—National ingratitude.—Ill-judged parsimony of government.—Trafalgar Square.—The National Gallery a national disgrace.—Statues and fountains.—Tritons and sea nymphs.—Royal sojourn at Brighton.—Hallowe'en.

ECONOMY, liberally understood, is a comprehensive term—a science to which every thing in nature and every thing in art ought to be subjected. However, we are not just now about to theorise in metaphysics. We are plain, simple, practical men; yet perhaps with a spice of imagination in our nature; and therefore, while our chief aim shall be to prove useful, it is our wish not altogether to lose sight of being agreeable. We have no faith in the adage that “ignorance is bliss.” There is nothing like mingling the *utile* with the *dulce*: together they constitute the charm of life, and in their practice we become wiser and better, and consequently happier.

That the reader may not be wearied by suspense as to the direct object of this exordium, we take leave briefly to premise that it is our intention, in a course of papers, to indicate, prospectively, the “economy of the months,” in their order of succession; to show the most pleasurable as well as the most profitable mode of passing those periodical divisions of time, in both town and country. Occasionally, indeed, we purpose taking a glance in retrospect at the events of ages long past, but that will be only to enable us to look forward with the greater advantage. Thus will be embraced and illustrated all sorts of rural sports and metropolitan exhibitions; manners and customs, ancient and modern, in different parts of Britain; popular superstitions; religious festivals; legendary lore; watering places; Continental trips; the economy of travelling by sea and by land; astronomical and meteorological phenomena; births and deaths of eminent and extraordinary men; biographical and characteristic anecdotes; in fact, whatever may serve to refresh the memory and interest or inform the mind.

To commence then with October, sometimes, but not always, one of the most delightful months of the year; the month in which we gaze, with lingering regretful love, on the last long-slanting rays of the summer sun. October may be termed the dividing month: it forms the intervening medium between autumn and winter. It is a doubtful month. Capricious and variable as April, it may enrich the aspect of nature with the bright and genial warmth of summer; or, attended by mists, and rain, and snow, it may prove the fierce and stormy herald of winter. With summer abroad in the day, we find winter at home in

the evening, and invoke the blaze of a social hearth in our defence. Generally, however, the air of October is fresh and bracing; and the rich and varied tints of the foliage, the gorgeous splendour, the bright, and dark, and golden glories of our wood-scenery, impart an indescribable charm to the visual sense.

Now, gentlemen-citizens, now is the time when you and your wives, and your sons and your daughters, and your men-servants and your maid-servants, are in the receipt of daily and innumerable hints,

“To haste from Hastings home;
So nought remains but just to get,
Before you travel, out of debt;
Glut all the household birds of prey,
Pack your remains, and run away.”

Ay, run away! return to the business, and the cares, and the pleasures of the town.

Far different are the charms, the pleasures, the enjoyments of the country, the *real* country, to the lover of nature at this exciting, health-inspiring season. Sportsmen, look to your guns! See that all is right; for on the very first of the month—you scarcely need to be reminded—pheasant-shooting begins. And, if we err not in judgment, the hour is auspicious. For a brief period the partridges may now enjoy a respite of comparative safety and repose.

What a charming incentive to rise early is pheasant shooting! The sluggard will have little sport; for the birds are apt to lie during the day in high covert, where, until the season is more advanced and the leaf has fallen from the trees, it is almost impossible to shoot them. Let the novice also bear in mind that, to ensure success, he should proportion the size of his shot, as well to the particular species of game he means to pursue, as to the season of killing it. Thus, in the first month of partridge-shooting, shot No. 1 should be used; but, at this period for pheasants—and for partridges also, as they are now stronger upon the wing—No. 3 is the proper shot to be used. This, indeed, seems to be the best size for general purposes: forming a due medium between shot too large and shot which is too small, it will kill a hare at the distance of thirty-five or forty paces, and a partridge at fifty, provided the powder be good. Hare-hunting, be it remembered, begins on the 29th of the month. This also is a season of enjoyment for the lovers of the angle.

We love old faces, old customs, old sayings and doings, ay, and even old superstitions, when they are harmless and benevolent in their tendency. Need we then say that we love a harvest-home, and that we love to eat roast goose, its ancient concomitant; for, in the olden time, it was customary for geese to be eaten by husbandmen at their feast of harvest-home.

Well, we have seen the ground cleared, seen the last load of corn from the harvest field carted home, decorated with the verdant branches of trees, and the rustic labourers, men and women, seated on the top, gaily singing and shouting in the very ecstasy of joy! And we have witnessed and participated in that festive scene, that genuine *English* scene, a harvest-home! This is one of those excellent old usages that should never be relinquished or forgotten. There is gratitude to hea-

ven, there is joy upon earth, there are peace and good-will amongst men, at a harvest-home. Cold and narrow must that heart be that could wish to abolish such customs!

How strange is the association of ideas!—that the mention of roast goose should conjure up to our “mind’s eye” the ghost of the “virgin Queen,” the long inurned Elizabeth! Yes, and the name of Elizabeth reminds us of the defeat and destruction of the vaunted armada, which occurred nearly two centuries and a half ago; and of the medals which were struck upon the occasion, with the pious motto ascribing the victory to God—*Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur*.

Perhaps “the association of ideas” may further lead the olfactory nerves of some of our readers to scent a Michaelmas goose, that savoury dish of which Elizabeth is said to have been partaking when, upon the feast of St. Michael, she received the welcome news that the naval power of Spain was no more. There is yet abundant time for the Epicurean (a very different animal from the gourmand) to call his gastronomic powers into action in the demolition of his favourite bird; for *old* Michaelmas day, by some still regarded as the *true* Michaelmas day, is not till the 11th of the present month.

Tradition, whose veracity is frequently apocryphal, states that, in commemoration of the great event, Queen Elizabeth founded the custom of annually gracing the board with a goose on Michaelmas day. We suspect the custom may claim an origin more remote. In fact it has been traced at least as far back as the 10th of Edward the Fourth, when, as it is recorded, “John de la Hay was bound to render to William Barnaby, Lord of Lastres, in the county of Hereford, for a parcel of the demesne lands, one goose fit for the Lord’s dinner, on the feast of St. Michael the archangel.”* At all events the poor geese, sacred as some of their race were deemed in ancient Rome, have long had mournful cause to exclaim—

“O’er stubbles, commons, fells, hills, dales, we fly;
In barns and stables seek for aid in vain;
Our arts and tricks the murd’rous cooks defy,
And destined hecatombs are yearly slain.”

Again, the “association of ideas.” At the name of Elizabeth another “virgin Queen” starts into the centre of the magic round, and lo! another “new era” has suddenly burst upon us! To the youthful sovereign, Victoria, all hail! Let us not, however, dazzled by the splendour of the rising sun, forget the milder glories of the departed, scarcely yet beneath the horizon. It was on the 6th of June, 1830, that, on the demise of his royal brother, his Majesty William the Fourth ascended the throne of these realms. In September 1831 he and his Queen, Adelaide, were crowned. King William died on the morning of the 19th of June last, the day after the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Had he lived one little week longer, he would have completed a reign of seven years, a term much beyond what was generally anticipated on his accession to the crown. Peace be to his *manes*!

* The French eat geese on St. Martin’s day, Twelfth-day, and Shrove Tuesday. In Denmark every family is accustomed to have a roasted goose for supper on St. Martin’s Eve.

That he was a *great* man is a claim which history will not presume to make in his favour; that he was a *good* man, an *honest* man, a kind-hearted, generous, benevolent creature, a good husband, a good father, a good master, a man without one personal enemy—are points universally conceded. It is well to merit such praise in one's epitaph.

Nor, whilst offering a faint tribute to the memory of the departed, must the virtues of the living—of the bereaved one—be suffered to pass into oblivion. In her exemplary performance of all the duties of a wife, Queen Adelaide may serve as a model for women. Regardless of her own health—at the time not only in a delicate but a precarious state—she devoted herself, heart and soul, by day and by night, to the couch of her declining, her dying consort. In the days of health and enjoyment she, by the exercise of every domestic virtue, rendered his hearth a happy one; and in the hour of death it was hers to soothe his mortal agony, to speak peace and consolation to his departing spirit, to cheer it with the prospect of a brighter and a happier world.

Queen Victoria commences her career under auspices the most favourable, with a people's love already fixed and flourishing in their hearts. May her reign be long, prosperous, and happy; and, "when old Time shall lead her to her end, goodness and she fill up one monument!" Her path is fair before her, but it may not be free from danger. Specially may she guard herself against the designs of her wily Whig uncle, originally a fortuneless German subaltern, afterwards the chosen consort of the heiress apparent of the British throne, then a royal pensioner of England, and now, by good luck and the grace of Louis Philippe, King of the Belgians. What was the *political* object of this worthy's recent visit to our shores? In our matrimonial alliances, Heaven protect us from any further incorporation of the Cobourg breed!

In contemplating—in studying—the character of her illustrious predecessor, Elizabeth, let not its dazzling splendour blind Victoria to its crimes. Great as a Princess, surrounded by a halo of political glory, reflected rather than self-emanating, Elizabeth was vile as a woman; her brutal father's own child—King Harry in petticoats; a woman with all the vices, but scarcely one of the moral virtues of her sex.

As a natural consequence of the demise of the crown, we have got a new parliament. At what period Queen Victoria's first parliament ("Lord Melbourne's parliament," we believe it is generally designated) may be summoned to "meet for the despatch of business," is one of the secrets of state with which, until these few days, the public were not entrusted: the meeting now stands for the 15th of November. It will soon be seen whether the star of O'Connell and Lord Melbourne continue in the ascendant, or whether the brighter and purer beams of the Wellington, Lyndhurst, and Peel constellation be destined to "pale its ineffectual fires." We suspect that a coalition of parties, virtual if not ostensible, will be achieved. Or, rather, aware of the tenacity with which all Whigs and Whiglings cleave to office, we apprehend that the Melbourne cabinet, under a disavowed compact with its prime governor and director, O'Connell, will abandon, *pro tempore*, all the grand objects, on the prosecution of which it has, over and over again, sworn to stand or fall; and that it will bring forward such measures only as the Conservatives shall feel themselves compelled, as it were, to support. This would be

a cunning scheme, and worthy of the men by whom it is likely to be formed; but the eyes of the nation are upon them, and we never yet knew an instance in which true wisdom, when it chose to exert itself, did not prove more than a match for all the mean arts of cunning, duplicity, and fraud.

On the other hand, if Lord Melbourne, with the genuine manliness and straight-forward honesty of the English character, would, with adherents acting in a spirit equally manly and honest, unite with the more moderate and reforming Conservatives ("a consummation devoutly to be wished"), the Radical and Popish faction might be extinguished, and the political, moral, and religious salvation of the country be secured.—*Nous verrons.*

Three years will have elapsed, on the 16th of this month, since the old houses of parliament were destroyed by fire. What progress has been made towards the new erection? We doubt whether the plans will not all have to be reconsidered, *de novo*: whether, in fact, the country be not entitled to call for a new set of plans, and for a new committee of taste, into which the vice of favouritism and undue influence shall not have crept. How gratifying would it have been, how well it would have read in the future history of the period, could our youthful Queen have opened her *first* parliament in a new and magnificent edifice, an edifice worthy of the first nation upon earth!

October is a month memorable in our annals for its battles, by land and by sea: amongst the former, Hastings, Agincourt, and Edgehill; amongst the latter, Lord Duncan's off Camperdown, on the 11th, 1797—Lord Nelson's off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st, 1805—and that "unto-ward" affair of Sir Edward Codrington's (respecting which the less that is said the better) in the bay of Navarino, on the 20th, 1827.

It is strange, and the strangeness redounds not to the honour of the country, that although two-and-thirty years have rolled away since the victory of Trafalgar, one of the most glorious victories ever achieved since the creation of the world, and the most important in its results, no grand national monument has been raised in homage of the memory and fame of its hero. By the battle of Trafalgar the proud navies of France and Spain were swept from the seas—annihilated at a blow; never since that battle has either France or Spain—we speak almost without a figure—been able to float a man-of-war upon the ocean; and yet after the long lapse of thirty-two years, part of that period too involving the reign of a sailor king, there is no national column to perpetuate the glory of Nelson! Nor has Wellington been more highly honoured. It is true he has a noble bridge named after him, and two or three equestrian statues are on the point of being erected to commemorate his political and civic as well as his military merits; but those have all been accomplished by private enterprise and subscription, government having meanly declined even to purchase Waterloo Bridge for the advantage of the public, although the purchase would at once relieve the original shareholders, immensely enhance the value of much private property, and consequently increase the revenue of the state.

At length we have got a "Trafalgar Square," as the (yet) open space in front of that national libel upon our taste, nicknamed the "National Gallery," is denominated. But this *open* space, it appears,

is to be *enclosed*, for the benefit, as it is said, of pretty aristocratic nursery-maids, and for those who choose to pay a guinea or two a year for the purpose of keeping its nice gravel walks, and its fantastic little plants and flowers, in order. Of course the public at large, though most likely the public at large must pay for it, can have no right to indulge in this place, either in an open or an enclosed state. Why should it not be allowed to remain open, or at least *free*, to the public, keepers being stationed for the preservation of order? What do we want with nice gravelled walks and pretty little shrubs, unless indeed it be designed that in a short time the latter shall grow up, overtop, and hide that dwarfish structure, with a pepper-box in the centre and a muffineer at each end—that laughing-stock of every native as well as of every foreigner of taste—that “fixed figure for the hand of scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at”—the *National Gallery*?

And, barring the pretty shrubs, and the pretty nursery-maids, and the pretty babies, and their pretty mamas, what are to be the interior ornaments of Trafalgar Square, open or enclosed? Something we have heard about a fountain, and something about a statue of Lord Nelson—not an equestrian one we hope. What should prevent the two from being combined, and with increased effect? Could any thing be more proper than a statue of the hero—of what description we leave to the taste of the artist—surrounded by naval emblems, triumphant in a sailor's native element—*water*? Tritons, sea-nymphs, dolphins, &c., might thus be made to spout forth *ad libitum*. Let the suggestion be thought of. As public ornaments, salutary no less than beautiful in their nature, London is in want of nothing so much as of fountains.

But there are to be grand doings ere the great council of the nation shall commence its official and active existence at the fiat of the Queen. In the far distance, we scent the inspiring aroma of a magnificent civic feast. Previously, however, to that imposing event, Brighton, the queen and the glory of watering places—the matured creation of George the Fourth—will become gayer than ever. Full already—her crowded streets, her sunny cliffs, her noble pier, her ample Steyne, her new and beautiful esplanade at Kemp Town, will prove another Pelion heaped upon another Ossa; and, unless *sky-room* can be rendered available, we know not how the countless myriads who, between this and the 4th of October (the day appointed for the royal entry into Brighton) will imploringly sue for admittance, are to be disposed of. Happy, thrice happy, and thrice enviable are those who may have secured houses or apartments in time. Yes! on Wednesday, the 4th of October, her gracious Majesty Victoria the First is, for the *first* time, to visit Brighton, and then to take possession of her splendid eastern toy—the Pavilion. In its every apartment, grand, beautiful, and superb, she will trace the creating and presiding spirit of her uncle, George the Fourth.

Our allotted space is full; consequently, instead of enlarging on the superstitions and amusements of Allhallows Eve, or Hallowe'en, we can only remind the mirth-loving reader that that far-famed festival occurs on the 31st of October.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY.

(Continued from page 301.)

September, 1836.

THE more pleasure that travelling affords, the more provoking is it that we cannot have our most congenial friends to partake of the enjoyment; and it is also interesting to observe how the mind turns towards different persons according to the nature of the objects which are most interesting at the moment.

The Germans are truly a short-sighted people—I do not mean mentally (for in that respect they are highly gifted), but it is scarcely an over calculation to say that every third or fourth gentleman uses spectacles, and the ladies frequently carry moveable ones in their hands. In Vienna it seemed almost a conventional rule that persons should only look at each other in public places through glass; and there is certainly much gazing confidence inspired by those transparent eye shields.

Having occasion to enter one of the principal shops in Munich, full of all the varied descriptions of manufactured cottons, I took the opportunity to inquire of the proprietor whether any of these were English; but he replied in the negative, and this one instance is doubtless as good as a hundred to prove that the German market is lost to England. He exhibited abundance of cotton prints from Mullhouse in France, and Zurich in Switzerland, which pay the same duties as English goods, but are preferred on account of the tastefulness of their patterns. Are the glories of Manchester so faded that her cotton lords are either unable or unwilling to compete, by employing the first-rate talent in pattern designing? It is too probable that the loss of the German market will be permanently felt after the effervescence which at present excites our manufacturing districts shall have passed away. Pregnant with evil as the great commercial convention is to the manufacturing interests of our country, it yet yields one petty benefit to her travellers—which is, that their luggage is not examined in passing from one of the States to another. This trifling convenience our patriotism could, however, readily have conceded to the national good. We met here with a striking proof of English strength of muscle in a young gentleman residing in the same hotel. A huge stone of at least from three hundred to four hundred pounds weight, which is chained in the palace yard as a memento of the personal strength of an ancient Bavarian duke who had proved himself equal to its weight, was twice lifted by our compatriot, to the great surprise of the *valets de place* who witnessed the feat. The only other persons who are known in later times to have accomplished this lift were a Tyrolese, and an English East India captain.

The country between Munich and Augsburg is moderately well suited for agricultural purposes, but possesses no features of beauty. Augsburg, with a population of 30,000, has a large cathedral, handsome streets, and a tolerably respectable picture gallery. In former times, when Venice was in its commercial glory, it was a place

of considerable trade, and is still a town of much banking wealth, besides possessing several manufacturing establishments. Of old, one of its merchants named Fuger, originally a weaver, amassed a fortune of six millions of gold crowns, and founded a noble family, who in that respect may be considered as the Medecis of Augsburg. Old Fuger acted the part of Rothschild to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and on one occasion, when he had the honour of entertaining his sovereign, lighted a fire of cinnamon, and made a burnt-offering of the emperor's bond for an immense amount. The room in which this circumstance occurred is still shown to the curious in the excellent hotel of the Three Moors.

The Gazette of Augsburg is considered a high political authority, being one of the most talented vehicles by which the northern courts of Europe communicate their opinions to the world. This town enjoys also an ancient Protestant celebrity, as having been the place where Luther and Melancthon arranged many of the most important matters of the reformed church with the Emperor of Germany. The country between Augsburg and Ulm is very flat, and entirely destitute of beauty. Having again crossed the Danube, we entered Ulm, and consumed a leisure hour in examining its cathedral, which is the largest in Germany. It is now devoted to Protestant worship, but some of the Catholic pictures still remain as the mementos of a former faith. This cathedral contains seats for above 4000 persons. Ulm is a town of little trade, but the landlord of the finely situated Black Ox Hotel, where we dined, seemed to hope much from steam communication, which is expected to be commenced next summer to Vienna. It is calculated that the voyage down will occupy three, and back against the stream, six days, which will afford a great facility to travellers who dislike being jolted through a country so *triste* as Bavaria. The distance from Ulm to Vienna by the Danube is above five hundred miles, and much of the scenery is stated to be very beautiful. A railway of a few miles is in useful and profitable operation at Nuremberg, some distance north of Ulm. Similar undertakings are also projected from Ulm to Augsburg, thence to Munich, and, I believe, from there to Vienna; but caution is a principal element in German character, and travellers must not calculate on going through this country at high-pressure speed for many years. There are a great many other railway projections afloat in Germany, but each seems waiting for the other in a manner that is somewhat amusing.

I am not disposed to speak very favourably of the integrity of Bavarian inn keepers and *voituriers*; indeed we here met with the first glaring instance of an opposite character since being in Germany. Our driver seeming to consider that we either extravagantly abounded in money or lacked in understanding, appeared to have entered into a league with the village innkeepers, by means of which we were charged very considerably more for third-rate accommodation than we had paid in the first hotels of the capitals. On parting we felt it a duty towards future travellers to show our appreciation of the *lang cochers'* kindness, by referring him to the village landlords for his *drenk gabt*.

At Ulm we entered Wirtemberg, and thence to Stuttgard the country continued of the same uninteresting description; the soil being bad,

and the people more than plain. The hair of the Bavarian rustic females in particular, from exposure to the sun, was of so many colours as to resemble the shades of a chestnut horse's mane rather than what Messrs. Rowland and Son describe as the chief ornament of females. After passing through one town celebrated for the manufacture of bone toys, and the polite importunities of the venders, as well as another, where a very long bridge held a sinecure situation over a small summer stream, we reached Stuttgart.

Wurtemberg contains a population of nearly a million and a half, and its capital above 30,000, who are chiefly Protestants.

Stuttgart is situated in a basin-shaped hollow, beautifully surrounded by vine-covered hills—and its new streets are handsome, while even the older districts are not discreditable. On entering the town, the tasteful manner in which the various walks and drives were planted, reminded us agreeably of England; and it appears that thirty years since none of these fine chestnut avenues existed, having been about that period planned and directed by Her late Majesty of Wurtemberg, the Princess Matilda of England. Innumerable drawings, and other specimens of Her Majesty's taste and industry were exhibited to us in the palaces, and the memory of her benevolent deeds still lives in the grateful minds of the people to an extent which it is pleasing to learn. Many hundreds of the poor were, according to our informant, supported chiefly by Her Majesty's bounty.

The town palace of Stuttgart is large, and extremely handsome; while the King's rural residence at Rosenstein, two miles distant, is tastefully built, and beautifully situated: indeed, the moderate size of its apartments is more adapted for the elegant comfort of private life than for the splendour of royalty. The late King of Wurtemberg had, we were informed, a very extensive menagerie; but his present Majesty's taste lies in another direction, and on succeeding to power he caused many of the animals to be sold, and the others to be stuffed with hay instead of being fed with carrion. They have now, therefore, left their dining stalls, and are in their altered state promoted to drawing-room places in the museum. The present lions of Stuttgart are His Majesty's Arab chargers, and of these he has unquestionably some cause to be proud. In gratifying our curiosity on this subject, the *valet de place* conducted us through such a succession of stables that we were at length obliged to ask for mercy, and leave many of the divisions uninspected. Five hundred horses seem a very large number for the king of Wurtemberg's private stables, but this subject should perhaps be viewed nationally, as His Majesty's attention to the improvement of the race is no doubt producing an important change in the horses of the country generally, for he seems to have even more than an English partiality for them. The French *farçeurs*, who assert that the second question to be asked an Englishman is, whether his horse is well and eats his oats with *gout*, should not omit His Majesty of Wurtemberg in their next *bon-mots* on this subject.

Stuttgart is not one of the seats of the fine arts, being without a sculpture gallery, and only possessing a very few modern pictures, crowded into two or three small apartments. The *atelier* of old professor Danneker, containing his celebrated bust of Schiller, is, however,

an object of considerable interest, and even the venerable sculptor himself seems to have no very strong objection to being lionised. The museum is very respectably supplied, and contains some curious fossil remains which were dug up at Rosenstein, and are said to have belonged to the Mammoth. To our unzoological eyes they appeared to be the teeth and bones of elephants, and these are articles with the appearance of which a tropical residence has rendered us both sufficiently familiar. The shady walks here behind the royal palace are very delightful, and as we had the good fortune to see this little capital in its holiday dress during the *fête du Roi*, the impression produced was much more agreeable than probably correct. The theatre, on both evenings that we attended, was crowded to excess; and a pleasing and striking instance of the deference paid to females occurred during the performance, for when *une dame* was announced at the entrance of the pit, the crowd in the centre passage compressed itself, and the gentleman walked up with his lady to the very front. Similar politeness would scarcely be met with at Covent Garden.

A review of 3000 troops, which is half the little national army, formed the amusement for the first day of the *fête*. Innumerable evolutions were of course performed, as well as firing gone through in all its branches; but the swift running and timid doublings of some dozens of hares which were started in the field, and unusually perplexed by the incessant fire, seemed to excite more interest than the movements of the men, so that this review day appeared to my eyes somewhat in the light of a grand military coursing match.

The preparations for the races at Constadt are the most extensive to be met with in Germany. In fact, the scene was quite English; and I have never seen even there the race-course of any town of the same extent so numerously attended. The numbers were estimated by our guide at from 30,000 to 40,000, and as they entirely surrounded (in some places densely) the race-course, nearly a mile in circumference, it could scarcely be an over-estimate. We were much gratified to observe the enthusiastic reception which the king and queen met with both on the race-course and in the theatre. His Majesty somewhat resembles in appearance our own late good-humoured king; and two of the princesses would be considered attractive in any rank of life. A nephew of His Majesty, the son of Jerome Bonaparte, is the chief military dandy of Stuttgart, and his features certainly much resemble those of Napoleon; but the grand style of intellectual forehead which so long commanded the nations is entirely wanting in Captain Jerome. Opposite to the royal tent there was erected by the authorities of Constadt a singularly tasteful arched and leaf-covered race-stand, built up of evergreens, with hop-vines trained into fanciful supporters. The centre was surmounted by a gigantic Cornucopia, encircled by apples, pears, plums, and Indian corn, with huge bunches of purple grapes hanging down at intervals to lend a bacchanalian appearance to the other good things.

The king, on arriving, commenced by ordering the distribution of prizes for the best horses, cattle, &c., and meanwhile the favoured animals were promenaded round the course. The day was fine, the arrangements good, the company gay, and the sight enlivening; but the

race itself was quite a failure, unless the ludicrous was the feeling desired to be excited. This first day was devoted to the long-tailed horses of the neighbouring farmers, and both the riders and the ridden were sufficiently awkward. The former with cart whips, loose trowsers, and caps, which, as the race proceeded, became strewed over the course, without stirrups, jostling and whipping each other's horses, formed altogether a ludicrous contrast to the dapper little feather-weight jockies of England. The following day was to be devoted to the horses of the king and the aristocracy; but those we had not, unfortunately, the opportunity to see run. There was nothing in the race which could create excitement, but the people seemed prepared to have felt interested had it been at all possible. One of the princes of Russia, with his princess, being on a visit at Stuttgart, perhaps more than the usual splendour was got up on this occasion.

On surveying the gay royal party assembled on the course, surrounded by a hundred ministers, judges, generals, colonels, and high functionaries, the idea occurred as to what a democratic son of America would think of this, as well as the palaces, the army, the stud, and the equipages, as being necessary for the government of less than a million and a half of people. A more extreme contrast to their simple utilitarian system could scarcely be conceived. This comparison having been awakened, I give it a place, still, however, believing that a court is the best school of national refinement, and that the court of Stuttgart in particular stands deservedly high in the affections of the people. To be the sovereign of a compact little kingdom such as Württemberg, with all the splendour, and enjoying all the respect of royalty, really appears more desirable than to govern a mighty empire with all its distracting cares and responsibilities. Any error in judgment in one of these smaller rulers produces little evil, but a frown or a wrong conclusion by one of the mighty sovereigns might scourge the world with war and misery.

It is perhaps the dream of a visionary to suppose that the world is soon to reach such a state of dispassionate enlightenment that reason and justice may be called to decide all national questions instead of the sword. We certainly have not yet reached this point; but that such would be the case under a well-regulated universal constitutional system can scarcely be doubted, and the diffusion of intelligence is every where tending towards this end. It is fervently to be hoped that the object may be attained by the steady progress of opinion, rather than by violence; for though some of the youthful enthusiasm of Germany may desire more rapid changes, there is little reason to doubt that the sober intelligence of the country is in favour of the gradual amelioration of existing institutions. The individual mind of a king may, from ambition, temper, or the desire of excitement, frequently incline to war; but it is scarcely possible to conceive that under a well-balanced constitution sober and peaceful reason should not prevail.

(To be continued.)

ON THE HARMONY OF THE SPHERES.

BY E. H. BARKER, Esq.

'ΑΡΜΟΝΙΑ.—Dio Cassius, i. 124, Reim. Εἰ γὰρ τις τὴν ἁρμονίαν τὴν διὰ τεσσάρων καλουμένην, ἥπερ πον καὶ τὸ κύρος τῆς μουσικῆς συνέχειν πεπίστευται, καὶ ἐπὶ τοὺς ἀστέρας τούτους, ὑφ' ὧν ὁ πᾶς τοῦ οὐρανοῦ κόσμος διείληπται, κατὰ τὴν τάξιν, καθ' ἣν ἕκαστος αὐτῶν περιπορεύεται, ἐπαγάγοι, καὶ ἀρξάμενος ἀπὸ τῆς ἔξω περιφορᾶς τῆς τῷ Κρόνῳ δεδομένης, ἔπειτα διαλιπὼν δύο τὰς ἐχομένας, τὸν τῆς τετάρτης δεσπότην ὀνομάσειε· καὶ μετ' αὐτὸν δύο αὖ ἐτέρας ὑπερβὰς ἐπὶ τὴν ἐβδόμην ἀφίκοιτο, κἂν τῷ αὐτῷ τούτῳ τρόπῳ αὐτὰς τ' ἐπαινον ἐπιῶν, καὶ τοὺς ἐφόρους σφῶν θεοὺς ἀνακυκλῶν ἐπιλέγοι ταῖς ἡμέραις, εὐρήσει πάσας αὐτὰς μουσικῶς πως τῇ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ διακοσμήσει προσηκούσας.

"Si quis *harmoniam* quam *diatesseron* vocant, hanc siquidem principem locum in musica obtinere creditum est, atque ad isthæc astra, a quibus omnis cœlestis elegantia regitur, secundum ordinem, quo unumquodque ipsorum convertitur, transferat incipiens ab supremo orbe, quem Saturno tribuunt, postea duos proxime sequentes præteriens quarti circuli planetam dominum signaverit; post hunc rursus duobus aliis præteritis, ad septimum orbem descendat; atque hoc eodem pacto ipsos deinceps repetens, et in gyrum rediens gubernatores deos seligat diebus, inveniet omnes dies, musica quadam ratione, cœlesti eleganti ordini congruere."

Even a tyro will perceive that the word *ἐπαινον* has no business here; therefore Xylander has flung away the useless weed, and Reimar agrees with him in the rejection of it, like those who mangle the members when they have failed to cure the wound; but, by a very slight change, we should read *ἐπάνω*, *deinceps*, as in the version above, especially since Leunclavius reads *ἐπανίον*, which is a near approximation to *ἐπάνω*: the error arose from the accent over *alpha*, which occupied a place lower than usual; and of this negligence in printing we often complain.

We will now proceed to explain what so many very learned astronomers of more recent times have thought about this *harmonia*, διὰ τεσσάρων, which, as Dio says, is of the first importance in music: for about this matter the expectation of aid from the philosophers will be vain. We confess that when, above the rest, we had consulted Wolf, he, equally with others, offered no sound explanation, and this *harmony* was involved in the same obscurity as before; nay, we have wondered that Wolf has by no means reached the meaning of Dio, saying, in his *Elem. Chron. C. 2, Def. 16, Schol. 1*: "Dio Cassius gives a second reason, fetched from the *celestial harmony*; the *harmony* διὰ τεσσάρων was observed to be of great moment in music, consisting in the ratio of 4 to 3. Thus, for example, the progress is from Saturn to the Sun, because there are three planets from Saturn to the Sun, four from the Sun to the Moon." But this is an arbitrary reason, feigned by the very learned mathematician

himself, and founded on the present system of music. But the Sun, which is in the midst of the seven planets, is equidistant from the extreme planets, Saturn and the Moon; and so much does Wolf deviate from the truth, that Scott found in the *harmony* of Wolf the proportion *διὰ τεσσάρων*, and *διὰ πέντε*. You may easily find the reasoning of both Wolf and Scott in the septenary number; therefore both of them, on this subject, rather delude than teach. And if you consult the other philosophers, the same difficulties arise. Some assign reasons so absurd, that they excite our bile. Hear what monstrosities a great man, Keil, pours forth: "*Hebdomas est septem dierum systema; variis appellationibus hebdomadis dies distinguuntur. Ecclesia Christiana primum diem dominicum vocat, vulgus diem Solis nominat, et soli nostri temporis phanatici sabbatum nuncupant; secundum hebdomadis diem, feriam secundam; tertium, feriam tertiam, et ita deinceps; septimum autem diem sabbatum nominat Ecclesia; vulgus autem nomina dierum a Romanis usitata, et a planetis denominata indita retinet.*" To be sure, he has hit the right nail on the head, and has abundantly grappled with the question; but pray spare these sons of mathematicians; for while they traverse the firmament of heaven, they leave to men of small genius the interpretation of passages in the Greek historians! But there can be no doubt that neither Scott nor Wolf has reached the meaning of Dio; for Dio himself informs us, that there is the same *ratio* between Saturn and the Sun as between the Sun itself and the Moon. Therefore we must reject both the *ratios* of 3 to 5, and of 4 to 3. The words of Dio are most express: 'Αρξάμενος ἀπὸ τῆς ἔξω περιφορᾶς τῷ Κρόνῳ δεδομένης, ἔπειτα διαλιπὼν δύο τὰς ἐχομένας, τὸν τῆς τετάρτης δεσπότην (Solem) ὀνομάσει· καὶ μετ' αὐτὸν δύο αὐ ἐτέρας ὑπερβάς ἐπὶ τὴν ἑξόμην (Lunam) ἀφίκοιτο. You see that there is one and the same analogy between Saturn and the Sun as between the Sun and the Moon, *δύο λιπὼν, δύο ὑπερβάς*. Men of this kind, then, do not easily impose on us, if in what they meditate, they depend on the testimonies of Greek and ancient writers, and appeal to them.

We will now perform our promise, and try whether there is room for divination as to the *ἁρμονία διὰ τεσσάρων*, which *τὸ κύρος τῆς μουσικῆς ἔχει*. We willingly confess the darkness of the subject, which Dio himself could not dissipate, as he seriously adds "what they call" *τὴν διὰ τεσσάρων καλουμένην*. We supposed that Salmasius, in his stupendous work, *de Annis Climactericis*, in which he has with infinite labour collected all the graver theories, and the wilder dreams of ancient astrology, had explained this question of planetary harmony; but we found, after a diligent search, that he has observed a profound silence about the hebdomadal system, or the passage in Dio Cassius. Selden, who has attempted so much about the planets, is mute about this *celestial harmony*. Jo. Moebius, *Diss. de Planetaria Dierum Denominatione*, Lipsie, 1687, undertook the discussion, but we have learnt nothing new from it. We will make no mention of those excellent men, who have written longer commentaries on Dio. Now we ourselves think that the *ἁρμονία διὰ τεσσάρων* in the hebdomadal system is very different from the *συμφωνία μουσικῇ*, which astronomers of former and later times have laboured to discover in

the words of Dio, but that it has reference to the famous Pythagorean τετρακτὺς, (it does not concern us to consider whether he is really the author of this quaternary), of which the disciples of this philosopher were ignorant, supposing that there was a mystery in that number, resolving every thing into it, and swearing by it as a divinity. Therefore, in their zeal to find it, even in the order of the planets, by inverting the series as they are exhibited in the heavens, they made them the masters of days, by reason of, or by the ἀρμονία with the quaternary number; and thus we perceive that διὰ τεσσάρων is the same as τετρακτὺς, which the ancients established in the seven planets, and which Dio, as the term was unknown to him, called ἀρμονία, and considered to be μουσική, while the mathematicians, unmindful of the Pythagorean quaternary principle, in vain endeavoured to trace it in the art alone of musical symphony.

But let us search into the matter more deeply, and have recourse to the primitive notion of the word ἀρμονία. In the first place, we must despair to ascertain, by any degree of diligence, from the interpreters of modern times, what Pythagoras really meant by τετρακτὺς, about which the opinions of ancient and modern writers are so discordant, or their reveries so wild, that you could sooner mingle day with night than reconcile them to each other. Indignation will hardly be repressed if we refer to the *Bibliotheca Græca* of Jo. Alberti Fabricius, i. 466, and particularly to the *History of Philosophy* by Brucker, i. 1053, who has collected the sentiments of all the principal writers; but still we are left in the same ignorance, and cannot help our grief, that so many eminent men have consumed their leisure in endeavouring to solve this Pythagorean riddle without any success. We have even consulted a late work by Jo. Christopher Heilbronner, *Historia Matheseos Universæ*, Lipsiæ, 1752, p. 106, where he speaks of Pythagoras, and is content to use these words: "Nota est Pythagoræ Tetractys, maximorum semper ingeniorum carnificina." But he has added in p. 754, a few remarks, already made by others, about this mysterious number. Mazochius (*Kalend. Adnott.* p. 154) has scarcely, we lament to say, considering his learning and talents, touched the question. But you may, on the other hand, rest assured that the ἀρμονία, which the Samian sage commends in nature, τῇ φύσει, and in the order of the stars, has no reference to *sound* and *music*, but is allied to *symmetry*, τὸ σύμμετρον, and was what he meant by another term, κόσμος, and that the writers who lived after the time of Pythagoras, wrested it into the meaning of *concert* and συμφωνία. Hence you may read in them to satiety, and in the *Somnium* of Cicero himself, "In mundo inesse sonum acuta cum gravibus temperantem, atque eo usque incitatum, ut eum aures hominum capere non possint," and *nugæ canoræ* of that kind. Sextus Empiricus, (*adv. Musicos*, p. 362, *Fabr.*) agrees with Cicero, Τῇ κατὰ ἀρμονίαν διοικεῖσθαι τὸν κόσμον, where see in the Notes almost every passage cited in which the Greek and Latin writers have referred to the *celestial harmony*. But in the time of Pythagoras, ἀρμονία and ἀρμόζω were simply "junction" and "to join." Diogenes Laertius has preserved the beginning of the Pythagorean books, Περὶ Φύσεως, in which you will clearly perceive the ancient notion and force of the

word in question: Φύσις ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ ἀρμόχθῃ ἐξ ἀπείρων τε καὶ πει-
 ραινόντων. Cicero (*de Senect.* 20) seems to have appositely translated
 the words φύσις and ἀρμόζω, "Opus ipsa suum eadem, quæ coagmen-
 tavit, natura dissolvit." Had Menage not forgotten the passage
 from Cicero, we doubt whether he would have translated the Greek
 words, "Natura apte coacta est." Again, in Diogenes Laertius,
 p. 543, Δοκεῖ δὲ αὐτῷ (Φιλολάῳ) πάντα ἀνάγκῃ καὶ ἀρμονίᾳ γενέσθαι,
 where Menage translates, "Opinatur autem omnia necessitate ac
 harmonia fieri," without any intelligible meaning; but we should
 more truly translate, "Opinatur rerum universitatem constanti or-
 dine ac necessario regi ac moderari." But no one has better than
 Nonnus, though an author of a not very polished age, taught us the
 genuine force of this word, and we are surprised that what he says
 has not been noticed by philosophers—

Καὶ ταμὴν κόσμοιο παλιγγενίᾳ φύσις ὕλης
 Ῥηγνυμένης
 Ἀρμονίᾳς ἀλύτοιο πάλιν σφηγίσσατο δεισμῷ.

"Et dispensatrix mundi regenerati natura materiæ
 Diffractæ
 Harmoniæ insolubilis rursus constringebatur vinculo."

And, xii. 32, he calls the *eternal laws of fate*, by the force and immu-
 table order of which all things happen to men, κύρβιας Ἀρμονίᾳς—

——— Ἥλιος * * ἐπιδείκνυε * * κούρη
 Κύρβιας Ἀρμονίᾳς ἐπερίζυγας, αἷς ἐνὶ κεῖται
 Εἷν ἐνὶ θίσφατα πάντα, τὰ περ πεπρωμένα κόσμῳ.

"——— Sol * * ostendit * * puellæ
 Leges (*vulgo* tabulas) Harmoniæ disjunctas, in quæis prostant
 In uno fata omnia, et fataliter contingentia hominibus."

If any wrote before the Samian philosopher, such as Homer and
 Hesiod, you will find the word ἀρμονία used in the same sense
 among them, and never used for *concert* and συμφωνία. Homer, so
 far as we know, uses it thrice, and twice indeed in the notion of
joining and *uniting*, and in both instances about the *timbers of ships*,
 (*Od.* E. 361)—

Ὅφρ' ἂν μὲν κεν δούρατ' ἐν ἀρμονίῃσιν ἀρήρη,
 "Donec quidem ligna compagibus inhæserint;"

and, (verse 247,) about the *ship* which Ulysses caused to be *built* for
 him—

Τέτρηνεν δ' ἄρα πάντα, καὶ ἤρμοσιν ἀλλήλοισι,
 Γόμφοισιν δ' ἄρα τήν γε, καὶ ἀρμονίῃσιν ἀρῆρην.

"Terebravit vero omnia, et coaptavit inter se,
 Clavis autem eam (*ratem*) et compagibus coagmentavit."

Behold the original force of the words ἀρμόζω and ἀρμονία, which
 are never in Homer applied to the *musical art*: nay, in *Il.* E. 60, tha-
 he may denote an excellent *shipbuilder*, he feigns the name Ἀρμο-
 νίδης: hence the scholiast appositely says, Οἰκεῖον ὄνομα τέκτονος
 παρὰ τοῦ συναρμόζειν. This mechanic is mentioned by Themistius
 (*Or.* 26, p. 316, *Harduin*), as the first who constructed a ship. We
 remember too that we read formerly in Euripides, and perhaps in
 the *Helena*, that word used as in Homer in reference to *shipbuilding*—

Σκάφος συναρμόσας ὁ Πριαμίδης.

We have examined the Homeric poems with great attention, and shall not conceal from you that he has used the word ἀρμονία in another sense, *Il.* X. 25—

Ἄλλ' ἄγε δεῦρὸ θεοὺς ἐπιδώμεθα, τοὶ γὰρ ἄριστοι
Μάρτυροι ἔσσονται, καὶ ἐπίσκοποι ἀρμονιάων,

"Sed age huc deos vocemus, hi enim optimi
Testes erunt, et speculatores pactorum."

But this secondary notion comes to the same thing; for συναρμόσας, or *pacta*, "agreements" or "treaties," were made by joining right hands: hence the well-known words—

"Dextram da jungere dextræ."

H. Stephens has in his *Thesaurus* forgotten to notice this Homeric notion of the word ἀρμονία for συναρμόσας, as even the scholiast explains it; and it is almost a sin in a lexicographer to omit in a *Thesaurus* of such magnitude, the various senses of the words which are used by this first of the Greek poets.

Hesiod, who maintains a close union with Homer, once uses the word ἀρμονία, but in a sense very different from *musical symphony*; for he writes in *Theog.* 934, that Venus had by Mars Φόβος and Δεῖμος, *Fear and Terror*, which are persons; and, verse 937, Ἀρμονίαν, *Pactum, Fædus, "Treaty;"* for wars tend to *treaties* and to peace. In verse 975, Hesiod again mentions this Ἀρμονία, the daughter of Venus. The later mythologists, as Ovid, Palæphatus, Hyginus, &c., by a slight corruption of name, represent this *Harmonia*, whom the Ascræan poet makes the wife of a very ancient Cadmus, to be called *Hermione*, and confound the Hesiodean Cadmus, the son of Mars, with Cadmus, the son of Agenor, and the brother of Europa, in which confusion we also find Bochart (*Chan.* i. 19), Le Clerc (*in Hesiod.*), and Banier (*Myth.* vi. 107), who, amidst linguistical lore and verbal analogies, are too careless about the truth of history.

But that we may return from our digression, the ancients, who lived a little before Pythagoras, and even the philosopher himself, understood by ἀρμονία "*an apt conformation of parts,*" i. e. *συμμετρία*, not *musical symphony*; but because, in more unpolished times, the word was wrested to the sense of *symphony* in particular, the vulgar error prevailed that Pythagoras had discovered music in the universe of things; and Dio Cassius affirms that *musical symphonies* exist even in the planets, not to mention Cicero and others, when the Samian sage taught only an analogy and a right proportion of all the parts, which often consisted in the quaternary number which has become so enigmatical to us; otherwise this great philosopher would have trifled with the understanding of his auditors, if he had pronounced the nature of the whole world to be regulated by *musical harmony*; that opinion was reserved for an inferior school of this philosopher, who interpreted the word ἀρμονία according to the genius of their age. No one has with greater accuracy expressed this *celestial music* than Heraclitus (*Opusc. Myth.* 425, 427); so that he has transformed *Harmony* into a tuneful Siren dwelling amidst heavenly orbs;

and it is a subject of deep regret, that the holy dogmas of Pythagoras, the prince of philosophers, should have been, by the evil spirit of the times, converted into fables: "Ἐτι δὲ τῶν κύκλων αὐτοῦ ἄνωθεν ἐφ' ἑκάστου βεβηκέναι Σειρήνα συμπεριφερομένην φωνὴν ἰεῖσαν ἑνατον, ἀπασῶν δ' ὀκτὼ οὐσῶν, μίαν Ἀρμονίαν συμφωνεῖν * * * ὡς οὐ κωφὸς οὐδ' ἄφθογγός ἐστιν ὁ κόσμος, which words are thus translated: "Item supra singulos cœlestes orbes Sirenem una circumire, musica voce modulantem, et cum universæ sint octo, unam Harmoniam concini * * * hinc igitur patet non mutum esse, ac sine sono mundum." Few passages in Greek and Latin literature are more corrupt, and deem us not bold if we thus correct both: "Ἐτι δὲ τῶν κύκλων οὐρανοῦ ἄνωθεν ἐφ' ἑκάστου βεβηκέναι Σειρήνα συμπεριφερομένην φωνὴν ἰεῖσαν ἱκανήν ἀπασῶν δ' ἑπτὰ οὐσῶν, μίαν Ἀρμονίαν συμφωνεῖν. "Præterea in unoquoque ex cœlestibus orbibus desuper incedere Sirena, et circumire, quæ vocem congruentem emittit, septem autem existentibus (Sirenibus) solummodo Harmoniam concentum omnem edere." *A Siren walks the circuit of each of the heavenly orbs above, sending forth a melodious voice, and though the Sirens are seven in number, Harmony alone makes symphony: i. e. a concert in herself, uniting the powers of each.* All who are even moderately versed in criticism, will allow that we have applied the right remedy to cure the evil in these words; and we are grieved to spend so much time in correcting the errors which have been occasioned by the stupidity of transcribers. No one has yet spoken of *eight orbs*; and if any one objects that Heraclides speaks of *all* the celestial spheres, we will reply that Tully, in the *Somnium Scipionis*, speaks of *nine*, not *eight*, or at least that recourse must be had to the distracted opinions of philosophers at that time. The scribes often blundered in respect to *numerals*, which were expressed by *marks*. We have a convenient example in Th. Mangey's elegant edition of Philo, *Londini*, 1742, vol. i. p. 505, where for *ἕξ* he justly restores *ἑπτὰ*.

We had almost forgotten to make a few remarks to shew that, even among other post-Homeric writers, besides those which have been cited, the word *ἁρμονία* signifies "an apt conformation of parts:" *Anthol.* iii. 6. 41—

Πλευρά τε σαρκολύπη, τάρσοι δ' ἐτίρωθιν ἄμοιροι
Νεύρων, καὶ κώλων ἐκλυτος ἁρμονίη,

"Et latus carne-denudatum, et pedes utrinque carentes
Nervis, et membrorum resoluta harmonia."

So in a passage which is produced by Salmasius, *de Ann. Climact.* 780. "Ὅτι οὐκ εἰσὶ ἀστέρες κακοποιοὶ, ἀλλὰ πάντες ἀγαθοὶ, ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ καθ' ἁρμονίαν τὸ πᾶν συνίσταται, οἱ μὲν αὐτῶν εἰσὶ ξηροὶ, οἱ δὲ ὑγραίνουσι, οἱ δὲ ἄλλο τι ἔχουσιν πρὸς τὰς κρίσεις αὐτῶν, which we should thus translate: "Quod stellæ nullæ maleficæ sunt, sed omnes bonæ, quippe cum universum harmonia compositum sit, nonnullæ earum siccæ sunt, aliæ vero humectant, aliæ aliam habent temperaturam." All will easily perceive from this passage what Pythagoras meant by his *ἁρμονία*, and that he indulged no fancies about musical symphonies.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

NOVELS, &c.

Uncle Horace. A Novel, in 3 vols. 8vo. By Mrs. S. C. HALL, Authoress of "Sketches of Irish Character," &c. Colburn.

THERE are three kinds of modern novel, as laid down and distinguished by a celebrated French critic—viz., the historical, the romantic, and the fashionable. The author should therefore be cautious in scrupulously following the track he enters upon at the commencement of his tale, and not deviate into another by means of uninteresting bye-roads and unproductive paths. It would be difficult—or even dangerous to attempt to blend the first or second with the third school in one composition; and the total failure of such an experiment is exemplified by the work before us. "Uncle Horace" is a tale, remarkable for its servile imitations of the style of Maturin, Clara Reeve, or Frederic Soulié, and of the more modern form adopted by Lady Charlotte Bury, Lady Blessington, and Mrs. Norton. The romantic school has faded from repute, and its loss is not to be deplored; the historical and the fashionable are the rulers of the present tastes, and if they be less amusing and less fraught with soul-harrowing interest, they are at least more instructive or more natural. Unless an author have conceived and struck out some entirely original idea—as, for instance, the "Deux Cadavres" of Soulié, or the "Rookwood" of Ainsworth—the halls of Romance had better remain empty, and its altar unfrequented by those votaries whose presence at the sacred fane would be little less than profanation.

In blending the romantic with the style of modern fashionable novels, Mrs. Hall has committed an error equally repugnant to sound judgment and good taste. The effect is ridiculous—it is the same that would be produced by the sight of an apartment hung with rose-coloured tapestry on one side, and black on the other.

A count d'Oraine and his friend Muskito, who have been connected with a gang of banditti on the continent, and whose behaviour has acquired for them the reputation of a couple of scoundrels, contrive to introduce themselves into fashionable society in London—that society, which is the most jealous, the most suspicious, and the most select in Europe. Had the scene been laid in Paris or Brussels instead of London, the circumstance would not have astonished us. This count d'Oraine had imposed, by means of a fictitious marriage, on a lady who eventually became the wife of Mr. Brown Lorton, uncle Horace's brother; and on his arrival in England, he haunts her from time to time with as much assiduity as the periodical visits of the bleeding Nun in Lewis's romance. The secret of the marriage in early life is not disclosed until the reader has been favoured with the usual *quantum* of mystery and misery, and when the death of d'Oraine, who ends his days in the blood of a wretched suicide, no longer renders silence on that head imperatively necessary. The clever novel of the "Inheritance" has furnished Mrs. Hall with the idea of subjecting a female to be thus haunted by an adventurer.

Lady Ellen Revis is a sweet character, and Mary Lorton will not fail to interest the reader. Having mentioned these two amiable women at the same time, we will extract a paragraph which is not only *apropos*, but also affords a specimen of Mrs. Hall's descriptive powers.

"It was a beautiful sight—Lady Ellen Revis, half sitting, half supporting

herself on the couch, the drapery of which, descending from a golden star in the ceiling, nearly shrouded her figure; while her sparkling, intelligent, but restless features, were turned on the sleeping countenance of her favourite. The contour of her delicate form never looked more graceful than it did then, her head bent down and her hands clasped on her knees in an attitude of intense watchfulness. Lucky was it, for the sake of my picture, that the drapery partly concealed the figure of Lady Ellen. Her's was one of those clear, penetrating, intellectual countenances which strike immediately, and are never forgotten. Her eyes were of a deeply pure blue, full of tenderness and fire. Her brow was high, broad, and full; her nose well shaped; and her mouth capable of every variety of expression, from the most severe reproof to the bland and persuasive smile which wreathes the lips with beauty. Her hair was magnificent, shading in its depths to the deepest brown, and coming out in the sunshine with silken brightness. Her skin was clear—her complexion almost colourless, except when animated or startled, then it flushed with the impetuosity of ardent temperament to the deepest crimson. But, alas! there ended her beauty! Nature had decreed that this lovely flower should blossom on a bended stem; the stalk was weighed down by the rich burthen of its coronal. She was deformed—not much, not half so much as many who pass through society without thinking it a misfortune; but *she* felt it in all its aggravated bitterness; it was the bane of her existence—the drop of poison which tainted the whole cup."

There is something sweet, pathetic, and poetical in this description of Lady Ellen Revis; and we offer it as a sample of that fine writing which occasionally graces and relieves Mrs. Hall's work. Uncle Horace himself is—as his very name would almost indicate—a good-natured, good-humoured, cautious personage, who gets all his relatives out of the scrapes in which they involve themselves, and brings about a happy marriage at the sequel.

In taking our leave of this work, we extract the following rhapsody as a specimen of her opinions with regard to her fellow-countrywomen in general, whose personal charms she eulogises in the glowing language of an impassioned lover.

"Despite of all that has ever been or will be said of the fragility of English beauty, its danger, its destruction, it is a blessed thing to look upon and live amongst. Talk of its fading! it never fades: it is but transferred from face to face. The bud comes forth as the blossom is perfected; and the bud bursts into blossom, but to hide the falling leaves, fragrant amid the decay of the parent flower. Then the beauties of our country are so varied—the peasant girl, gifted with pearl-like modesty; and the courtly maiden, set, as her birth-right, in a golden circlet, the intellectual face beaming intelligence; and the English matron, proud as Cornelia, of her living jewels. Nor is the perfectness of English beauty confined to any class. In summer-time you meet it every where—by the hedge-rows, in the streets, in the markets, at the opera, where, tiers on tiers, hundreds on hundreds of lovely faces glitter and gleam, and smile and weep; and then you wonder whence they come, and bless your fortune that they so congregate to harmonize the sight, in sweet accordance with the ear!"

The Hunters of the Prairie, or the Hawk Chief. A Tale of the Indian Country. By JOHN TREAT IRVING, JUN., Author of "Indian Sketches." 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

MR. IRVING'S work is not of the same didactic description as his "Indian Sketches;" nor is it vested with the same importance. The author of "The Hunters of the Prairie" is no novelist: he is a faithful painter of the manners, usages, and pursuits of the Indians—their vindictive spirit—their extraordinary faculties of tracing the route pursued by human beings or wild beasts—and the picturesque beauties of their country. All this his graphic pen is fully competent to describe; and while he seeks to particularise the hunter of

the Pawnee tribe, he carries the reader on through hair-breadth escapes, scenes of desperate conflicts, and a series of extraordinary adventures, with unflagging interest. It is nevertheless evident, that Mr. Irving has endeavoured to model his work on the style of Cooper; and even several of that great author's favourite characters appear to be identified with those which we encounter in the "Hunters of the Prairie." The dark side of the work is well relieved by a love story, in which the principal actors become the captives of the Hawk Chief, and—as the reader may suppose—pass through a variety of adventures much more agreeable to peruse than to figure in.

The following extracts will serve to give the reader an idea of the general style of the work:—

"On the brow of a low hill, at a short distance from the thicket, stood a large cluster of animals closely crowded together.

"'Pshaw! it is only a gang of elk!' said Norton, dropping his gun into the hollow of his arm. A fine herd, though. They will probably make for the timber.'

"'If they do, we will have one of them,' cried Herrick eagerly.

"'Yes,—answered Norton: 'and perhaps an Indian arrow by way of sauce.'

"'Hush, Norton! Don't speak so loud—you may startle them,' said Herrick. 'Look! are they not beautiful?'

"The herd now stood with uplifted heads, surveying the whole expanse of prairie, seemingly in doubt whether to continue their course, or to make for the inviting thicket at their feet. At length a huge veteran, whose heavy branching antlers gave an air of importance to his movements, walked a few steps from the top of the hill. One followed—then another—and another. From a walk their pace quickened to a trot; and in a few moments the whole herd poured down towards the place where the hunters were standing. There was, however, a lurking suspicion of danger in the actions of the leader; for as he bounded swiftly forward, his ears were pricked up—his head, high in the air, moved from side to side, as if in momentary fear of some hidden foe. The rest, relying entirely upon his guidance, followed, frolicking and gamboling. They passed along the border of the woods, and came close up to the two men. From the moment they had left the hill, a new flame had kindled in the eye of Herrick. His fingers wandered round the trigger of his gun, and then were jerked away, as if restrained by the consciousness that danger might ensue. Still, as they approached, his restlessness increased.

"'I dare not fire! Yet how easily I might drop that leader!' said he, raising his rifle to his cheek, and taking sight along its barrel. 'He is very near—I might make sure of him. There! I have him now, exactly behind the left shoulder. Norton—shall I pull?'

"'No—no—I tell you no! Should there be Indians about, your rifle-crack would be sure to call them. Have you forgotten the foot-mark? 'Tis a warning that should not be disregarded. Our lives are worth more than a dead elk.'

"This answer seemed to carry conviction with it. With a sigh that showed how great was the sacrifice, Herrick dropt the butt of his rifle heavily upon the ground. The animals still advanced, though not as before. A feeling of insecurity had spread throughout the troop; their pace was slow—they crowded together; every nostril was expanded to the breeze—every eye on the watch—and every ear open to drink in the least sound of danger. Herrick again lifted his rifle. He grasped its barrel with his left hand, and his finger again strayed round the trigger. Slowly, and almost unconsciously, he raised it to his cheek, and brought the muzzle to bear upon the leader.

"'Norton, did you ever see such antlers? He is not ten yards off. I do not think there can be much danger.' His voice, though suppressed, reached the ear of the already startled beast. Instantly his nose was raised higher, and his eyes rested upon the spot whence the sound proceeded.

"'There—there—Norton, he sees us! By heaven—he is turning away. We have no provisions—we shall be starving to-morrow. He is starting!'

There is not a single scene in it of any interest—
that has not been taken from Cooper's
old the "Prairie"

See "Hatterer" the "coward" the "Made in the 'Prarie'"

"Crack! The sharp report of the rifle rang through the woods: the singing of the bullet was heard, and the noble beast fell forward on his knees. The effect upon the rest of the herd was electrical. At first they crowded round the wounded leader, snorting loudly; then, apparently comprehending his fate, they scoured off over the hills. The deserted beast sprang up, and dashed wildly forward in the direction they had taken: the leaps grew less and less—one more bound, he landed on his feet—his legs tottered—they yielded under him, and he fell on the edge of the thicket, with the death-quiver running through his limbs. * * * * Presently the bush shook violently; the dark painted head of an Indian was protruded from beneath it; a pair of naked shoulders followed; and an Indian, completely armed, emerged to view. With mute-like silence he stole from tree to tree, slowly winning his way towards Herrick. But though he moved with all the instinctive craft of his people, he was under the eye of one whom many years' experience in those wilds had rendered fully his equal. Inch by inch he moved forward—the hunter did the same. Whenever he paused and looked around, Norton crouched to the earth—and again as he crept cautiously on, the white man followed. Some time had been consumed, and Herrick was impatiently looking about for his companion. The Indian watched him for an instant—then rising behind the trunk of a large linden tree, fitted an arrow to his bow. There was no time to be lost. Norton sprang to his feet—the noise of the motion caught the ear of the Indian. He turned—but too late. He had but time to see the hunter's rifle pointed at his body, ere a stream of fire poured from its mouth. The sharp report rang through the woods; and the wild scream of the warrior, as he leaped in the air, announced that the bullet had been a messenger of death!"

Our second and concluding extract from Mr. Irving's interesting work must be introduced by stating that an Indian girl, named Nahtourah, who is betrothed to Sharatack the Hawk Chief, is condemned by the Medecin, or Chief Priest, to death, for having liberated some European prisoners.

"The Hawk Chief had drawn back, as the Medecin had approached his victim. The form and features of the young warrior were muffled, except the upper part of his face; but from above his robe, his eyes were bent upon the Medecin like coals of fire. The Priest gathered the long hair of the girl in one hand, then, thrusting the other beneath his robe, drew forth a knife. With a sudden jerk he threw back the head of the maiden so as to leave her bosom bare, and raised the glittering blade. But at that instant a yell, wild and unearthly, rang through the lodge. The Medecin lay grovelling on the ground, and Nahtourah was raised up on the breast of Sharatack. He stood in the middle of the council-chamber, and glared upon the awed crowd. In his hand he held his tomahawk—his form swelled—and every feature was convulsed with passion.

"'Nahtourah shall not die!' said he in tones of smothered fury. 'Let the Medecin beware! Nahtourah is the wife of Sharatack. The Hawk has talons.'

"The priest rose from the ground, drew back from the neighbourhood of the warrior who had levelled him, forced his way through the crowd, and fled the lodge. A short silence followed the departure of the priest, who was rather feared than loved by the savages, and they were therefore more disposed to admire one who disregarded a power that overawed themselves. At length an old Indian rose:—'Nahtourah released the pale-faced prisoners. She merits death—that is clear—but Sharatack has claimed her for his wife. 'Tis well. He is a great warrior. Her children will be warriors of the tribe. Are my words good?'

"A murmur of assent ran from mouth to mouth. Then, one after another, the warriors rose, as if all business were concluded, and quitted the council-chamber, leaving Nahtourah and Sharatack."

We dismiss "The Hunters of the Prairie" with a word to express our conviction that the interesting extracts we have furnished the reader will induce

See Nahtourah the "Coward" the "Medecin" & Co in the "Prairie"

him to peruse the entire work; and we may also venture to assert that his curiosity will be well recompensed by that which none will deem an unpleasant task.

Kindness in Women. A Novel, in 3 vols. By T. HAYNES BAYLEY. Bentley.

THE versatile bee flits from flower to flower, sipping the honied juices of each, and eventually producing a store calculated to become the delight of men. Thus has the bard, whose poetry is warbled by many a fair lip, and whose verses may be found on the table of every drawing-room, for a time deserted the sainted shrine at which he was a constant votary, and entered upon the humbler and less difficult walks of modest prose. We do not hesitate to say that we trembled for Mr. Bayley, when the advertisement of "Kindness in Women" first met our eyes; or if we mistake not, his work was originally announced under the title of "Marriage Settlements." Be that as it may—we were anxious and fearful on the author's account, so soon as we perceived that he was about to enter the wide field allotted to the modern novelist; and press of other matter alone prevented us from declaring in the "Monthly Magazine" of September that our dread was groundless. In one thing, however, we are certainly disappointed; and that is, in our anticipation that "Kindness in Women" would have been a continuous tale occupying the three volumes, and not a composition embracing two distinct stories. The first tale is entitled "Kate Leslie," and the second "David Dumps." In both may be found a variety of pleasantry, humour, and pathos, equally distributed, and equally interesting and attractive. From "Kate Leslie" we select the following passage: it is a scene in a stage-coach in which Kate and her husband are amongst the number of passengers.

"Fine morning, marm, after the rain," said the fat man to Kate. "Allow me, marm—I am an old traveller—just let us pack legs before we start, and you'll find your advantage in it. Thank you, marm—that's it."

"Kate replied by bows and smiles, and her husband longed to cut the fat man's throat."

"There—we're off, however, marm—that's it," said Kate's opposite neighbour, again addressing her most familiarly. "We don't spin along as we does on them rail-roads. Have you ever been on one of them railroads, marm?"

"No, sir—I have not."

"Oh! it's wonderful!—Law! but it gave me quite a poorly sensation here, in the pit of the stomach—so quick, you know—just the sort of qualm one feels in a swing."

"Indeed! not pleasant?"

"Pleasant—no, you may say that: you've been in a steam-boat, I suppose, marm?"

"Sir, never."

"Never in a steam-boat! Law!—next year go that way to Greenwich fair—it's the best way of going. Take a cake, marm;" and he produced from his pocket, folded in a very old-looking newspaper, some ginger-bread cakes which looked as if they had been sat upon.

"None, I'm very much obliged to you," said Kate.

"I can't help thinking I know your face somewhere, marm," said the fat man, staring at Kate with a knowing smile.

"I don't think it likely," said Hanson with immense dignity.

"Don't you?" replied the huge stranger with provoking indifference. "I'm sure, marm, you and I have met somewhere; but shoot me now if I can tell where."

"I have lived a very retired life, sir, and do not think it probable that we should have met."

"Oh! I know," said the fat man, slapping his right thigh with his right hand. "Sure enow it warn't in a room, nor any how that I could speak to

you; but 'twas at the Manchester theayter, and I was in the pit, and I remember now, you was the pretty girl what acted Don Giovanni in tight breeches and a hat and feathers.'

"'Sir,' said George Hanson indignantly, 'you are egregiously mistaken! This lady is my wife, sir, and has never been in the situation you describe.'

"The fat man gave a loud, shrill, prolonged whistle."

In taking leave of Mr. Bailey's work we earnestly recommend its perusal to all *amateurs* of "light literature."

MUSIC.

The Queen of Merry England—a Patriotic Song—written by AGNES STRICKLAND, Composed by J. GREEN. London, Green.

A Thousand a Year—a Song—the Music Composed by Mrs. MILLARD. London, Green.

THE former of the productions, designated by the writer a Patriotic Song, breathes forth a sentiment of loyalty which will find a ready echo in the hearts of all classes of her Majesty's subjects—who, if they would give vent to their feelings of regard and devotion, could not find a more fitting medium for their expression than Mr. Green's agreeable composition.

The melody of the second song is very pleasing. It has a smack of originality about it which serves to remind us of the effective simplicity of the genuine national ballad. We wish Mrs. Millard as much success as will return her her own song again—A Thousand a Year.

LITERATURE.

Monetary Reform. By WILLIAM CROSS. W. Tait, Edinburgh.

THIS pamphlet contains three letters reprinted from the *Aberdeen Herald*, on the possibility and expedience of establishing a paper currency independent of the precious metals and invariable in its value. Having on two previous occasions stated our own views at full length on this important subject and expressed an opinion generally coinciding with that of Mr. Cross, we shall say but little and content ourselves with recommending his letters to perusal, confident that his views in the main are correct, although he appears in some points not quite to have cast aside the film of error with which our greatest economists and politicians wilfully cover a very simple and easily decided question of public economy. If our readers wish really to understand the subject in all its bearings, they cannot do better than consult Mr. Taylor's admirable Currency Catechisms, in which the arguments are fully and plainly stated. Those who care not to *study* may at least peruse the following passages drawn from Mr. Cross's letters.

"The discovery of America, by opening up new and copious sources for the supply of gold and silver, tended, according to the best authorities, to elevate prices to four times their former amount; and, subsequent to the year 1810, revolutions and intestine broils in the regions whence these great supplies of treasure were drawn, by interrupting the working of the mines, diminished their produce to less than one-third. This diminution did not affect prices materially for a year or two, owing to the enormous amount of representative or paper money which was then afloat in England and some of the continental countries; for it must be remembered that bank-notes may eke out a deficiency or augment an excess of money, and that they produce the same effect on prices as an equal amount of metallic currency. But when a contraction of

the paper money was resorted to, the effect of this, in addition to a continuation of the deficiency of gold and silver, precipitated prices far below their former pitch. The general fall of prices from 1811 till 1830 has been estimated by the able writer already quoted, to have been at least 45 per cent."

"No matter whether that fall has been caused by a curtailed supply of metallic money, or paper money, or of both; or whether it has arisen from an increase of commodities, my argument is still the same—the *proportion between money and commodities has been altered*, so as to produce a relative scarcity of money, and, therefore, prices have fallen. If the supply of goods increased while that of money remained stationary, a case of deficiency of money is just as clear as if it could be proved that the circulating medium had decreased while the production of marketable commodities continued undiminished; since the proportion is admitted to have been disturbed on the one supposition as well as on the other, and since it is the alteration of the relative quantities of commodities and money which affects the general scale of prices, whatever such alteration may arise from. Any fall in the value of money, or general rise of prices, operates proportionately as a loss to all whose support depends on the receipt of fixed money payments. The proprietor's rent, the money-lender's interest, the stipendiary's salary, the annuitant's income, and every prospective endowment, for whatever purpose, are all reduced in value below what was stipulated for or contemplated at first, although nominally the same.

"A depression of the standard, such as has happened before within no very wide limits, and which may happen again in the course of even a short life, for any security that at present exists against its recurrence, is the same in effect as a serious and direct curtailment of every settled income rated, or receivable, in money. Any such reduction is an unjust encroachment on the means of innumerable individuals and establishments, and in cases where the income or endowment has been narrow enough originally, must be felt severely in the infliction of unmerited privations, or in the destruction of arrangements intended for permanency."

Premising that Mr. Cross does not appear to understand the difference between the standard and measure of value and that he throws unnecessary difficulties in his own way by overlooking the fact fully established by Mr. Taylor that the price of *wheat* regulates all other prices, we again recommend him to the reader.

"The great thing wanted to render money an invariable measure of value, and the general average of prices steady, is that the sum or quantity of it in circulation, and the quantity of goods—the amount of property of all sorts—brought to market, should be constantly preserved in the same proportion to each other. But the quantity of commodities produced or brought to sale is liable to continual variations, and cannot be restricted or increased to any certain limits, nor interfered with advantageously in order to maintain it at a uniform proportion to any given sum of money which may be circulated. It is, therefore, the circulating medium that ought to be subjected to regulation. The quantity of money would require to be diminished or augmented so as to keep it always in the same relation to the varying quantity of goods. To effect this purpose, it would be necessary that there should be some rule whereby it might at all times be known exactly whether the money in circulation had a tendency to scarcity or superabundance. If I am not mistaken, the general state of prices would afford such a rule. If the general average of the prices of commodities exhibited a tendency to fall, it would be plain that money was verging to a scarcity; or if, on the contrary, prices were generally advancing—becoming somewhat higher in the aggregate—there would be evidence that, to the same degree, there was too much money in circulation.

"As an index for ascertaining the state of prices, a list should be carefully made up of all or a number of the principal articles of trade, such as wheat,

iron, coals, wool, cotton, flax, sugar, tea, and the precious metals, with the average current price of each."

"Perhaps, too, the number of commodities taken into account would require to be increased, so as to comprise ten other kinds of goods—such as silk, indigo, rice, wine, rum, timber, copper, lead, hay, and leather of the kinds most used. A list on such a scale would exhibit in its aggregate amount a more complete and satisfactory index of the state of prices; but whether it comprehend a hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand pounds' worth, the principle is the same throughout, and its application evident.

"If such a list were carefully made up, and the prices of the different articles in it regularly altered to correspond with those current in the general market (the quantities being constantly fixed), every increase of the sum total of the prices would give proof of a superabundance, and ever falling-off in that would indicate a deficiency of the circulating medium. But this would not avail in any country which might happen to adopt the absurd policy of discouraging the circulation of paper money, and rely for its prosperity on the fancied infallibility of a metallic currency; for it is not possible to regulate the quantity of gold or silver that shall circulate in a country by any interference of authority, without, at the same time, altering their value. Possessing intrinsic value, these metals fluctuate in price, like all other commodities, according as they are much or little wanted compared with the supply of them. Consequently, they cannot be procured when scarce except by being enhanced, nor disposed of when too plentiful otherwise than by reducing them in price, and, therefore, cannot, as money, be steady in value.

"The same objection applies also to paper money, founded on gold or silver. Such a currency cannot be expanded or contracted as may be required, because, being necessarily made payable on demand in metallic money, the issues of notes must bear a certain proportion to the bullion or coin in reserve to answer all demands likely to be made, else the paper cannot be maintained at par with the metallic money; and, it being impossible to secure always the necessary stock of gold and silver, for the same reasons that a currency wholly metallic cannot be kept at any pitch which may be essential to the steadiness of its value, no paper money founded on it can be properly under control. This is exemplified strikingly at present in the working of our own Monetary System. Our notes are payable in gold on demand, and the Bank of England, which issues them, is very much drained of its usual stock of coin and bullion. The consequence is, that the Bank has been obliged to contract its circulation of notes to a great extent, and the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country have been sacrificed for the time to this necessity."

To proceed to the remedy proposed for the evils of fluctuations in the money-market, at once the bane and disgrace of England in the nineteenth century:—

"Let the government, at some definite period, abandon the employment of Bank-of-England paper-money, and, on the authority and in name of the nation, issue notes of the value at the time, really and nominally, of one pound sterling and upwards, in disbursements for the interest of the national debt; for the pay, victualling, and clothing of the army and navy; for salaries, pensions, and all other items of public expenditure. Let these notes have their value secured, not by being convertible into gold or silver on demand, like other paper money, but by being made a legal tender in the discharge of all debts contracted, previous to their being issued, in pounds sterling; or contracted subsequently, in the general terms which may be adopted for the standard money, such as pounds standard, or standard pounds; and in payment also, of course, of taxes, excise duties, fines, and all other contributions to the national treasury. The times appointed for the collection of the public revenue, and for making payments on account of the public service, would require to be arranged on such a plan as would provide against the chance of any derangement of the circulation. Every considerable flow of money to

the Treasury, from the taxes, customs, and other sources of revenue, would need to be regulated so as to happen only when there was also a flow of the regular expenditure *from* it, that would preserve the currency at its proper level."

Mr. Cross to a certain degree treats the subject of monetary reform with wisdom and discretion, and fully understands the importance of returning to a well-regulated paper-currency—such an one as has lately been so advantageously adopted in the United States;—but he has still much to study respecting the history of our paper-currency—especially those great eras—1697, 1797 and 1819, ere he can fully understand the true principle on which a good paper-currency can be established in England. But we state this opinion with deference and not with authority; for "after this philosopher's stone may have been in search,"—but none, perhaps, has yet found it.

Peerage for the People. By WILLIAM CARPENTER. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 804. London. Published for the Author, by Strange, 21, Paternoster-Row.

It requires a man of no ordinary perseverance and talent to compile a work so elaborate as the one before us. What immense research, what labour, what toil are evidenced by its magnitude and the interesting nature of its contents! The musty documents of many a family's pedigree—the tedious page of obsolete history—the intimate records of domestic privacy must all have been had recourse to, and all carefully scanned, in order to furnish such a mass of information and anecdote as the reader will find in the "*Peerage for the People*."

Speaking of LORD BROUGHAM, Mr. Carpenter says, "His literary labours were extraordinary—he wielded the pen of a 'ready writer.' It is almost incredible, that, while on the circuit, and amidst the constant intrusions of attorneys and clients—while occupied ten and sometimes twelve hours a-day in the courts, he is said to have been a voluminous contributor to the '*Royal Society*,' as well as to the '*Edinburgh Review*,' '*Nicholson's Journal*,' and other periodical works. Brougham, Jeffrey, and Horner were, as is well known, the principal contributors to, and supporters of, the '*Edinburgh*' in its best days; but we believe it is not very generally known that the ex-Chancellor was the author of the review of Lord Byron's juvenile work, '*Hours of Idleness*,' for which Jeffrey was so sacrificed in '*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.' In his twenty-third year, he produced a work on '*Colonial Policy*,' occupying two large volumes, and containing much valuable information and vigorous reasoning. His pamphlets on the '*Education of the People*,' on the '*Objects and Advantages of Science*,' and on '*Sheep-Shearing*,' exhibit an extraordinary amount of diversified knowledge, and demonstrate their author to be gifted in a pre-eminent degree with mental energy and acumen. His last avowed work, '*A Discourse on Natural Theology*,' is characterized by great earnestness and eloquence of style, cleverness of construction, and ingenuity of illustration, although woefully defective in its main object, and manifesting a great lack of knowledge as to the actual state of metaphysical science. It is not surprising, however, that Lord Brougham should be at fault upon such a topic: the wonder is, that amid his numerous and apparently opposite avocations, he should have had the disposition, and found the means to employ his pen upon it, with such ability as he has done." "A ludicrous circumstance" is given at page 697, "which took place while the present EARL OF STANHOPE's father (then Lord Mahon) was speaking in the House of Commons. The subject was the suppression of smuggling; and just as he was commencing with great warmth and energy to expatiate upon a plan of his own adapted to this purpose, and commending his friend and relation, the first minister, for 'his endeavours to knock smuggling on the head at one blow,' he actually dealt Mr. Pitt, who sate below

him, a smart stroke on the head. This manual application of his metaphor convulsed the house with laughter, and not a little surprised the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but it seemed neither to disconcert nor to arrest the impetuosity of Lord Mahon's eloquence. Excepting the ludicrous circumstance of Lord North taking off Welbore Ellis's wig on the chafe of his scabbard, no scene more comic has ever been enacted within the walls of the House of Commons."

In the biography of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON we find the following spirited sketch:—

"The duke of Wellington has no pretensions to rank as a genius, in the loftiest sense of that hackneyed word; and as little less has he to the fame of a hero. His successes, great as they were, were not the result of a chivalrous spirit of martial, or even of patriotic enthusiasm; but of plans deliberately adopted, cautiously matured, and vigorously and resolutely enforced. He was a general—not a hero; a commander—but not, in the generous sense of that word, a warrior. He has much personal bravery, but no warmth of feeling; great courage in facing danger, but no individual sympathy for others. He was noted, in early life, for the worst speeches ever uttered in the Irish House of Commons. He afterwards became distinguished in India for activity and severity; but his name did not echo, as it subsequently has done, around the 'flaming ramparts of the world,' until he was placed in command in the Peninsula. His conduct there displayed unquestionable military ability; though, in the estimate of most Englishmen, his failures are forgotten, the advantages of his situation overlooked, and the splendour of his successes exaggerated. He was especially remarkable for risking, in as small a degree as possible, the chances of any great reverse; though, on smaller occasions, for the purpose of carrying any particular point, he is said, by some foreign writers, to have seemed but little anxious to save the lives of his followers. * * * * He transferred to politics the energy which planned campaigns and conquered kingdoms, and has shown himself the determined opposer of improvements, the large results of which he has not sufficient width of comprehension to understand; he has seemed inclined to change the sceptre into a truncheon, made speeches which sounded like 'general orders;' and, in fine, brought to his party the uncompromising resolution of a soldier, and to his government the unrelenting despotism of a general."

The following paragraph relates to LORD LYNDHURST:—

"It is obvious, from what we have said, that he must possess some fine qualities for parliamentary eloquence. His elocution is particularly good: his tones are soft and sweet, and every syllable that he utters may be heard without difficulty in the remotest corner of the house. His figure, too, is good; and he has, moreover, a fine and expressive countenance—though not without a smack of the sinister in it—while his deportment is dignified and prepossessing. As a debater, he is 'most cunning of fence'—he is always cool—*cold* is the word—and collected; never thrown off his guard, whatever may be the form or force of his antagonist's weapons. Then his subtlety and craft are almost incomparable. If he have no argument, he objects to a word. He makes no concession without the narrowest restriction; and he takes none, without improving it to his purpose, by the broadest extension which even a forced construction will bear. He has much method, but he conceals it; he is often in extremes, but he always disclaims them. He is candid enough to allow great weight to an argument when he can triumphantly answer it, and to make an argument of an epithet when it has been used unjustly by an opponent. He speaks in a clear, perspicuous, and logical manner, like one intent upon rendering himself intelligible."

LORD GREY is severely—but justly—castigated "for his ostentatious vaunting of liberalism, and his hollow pretensions to magnanimity and inordinate devotion to the 'mammon of unrighteousness.' Naturally proud and

overbearing, he always assumed a high and haughty tone: he was always for 'vigour,' which was his favourite word. He appeared to rely upon force, rather than upon conciliatory measures; and it is not to be denied, that his four years of sway were four years of memorable severity towards the people of both England and Ireland. * * * * The emoluments given to his family connexions, very soon after his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury, including himself, his brothers, sons, sons-in-law, cousins, and nephews, amounted to upwards of £60,000 *per annum*. Does this agree with the professions of an economising and retrenching minister?"

We hope the above extracts—which may be taken as a fair sample of the general tone of the work—will controvert the remarks of unjust criticism, and demonstrate the utility as well as the impartiality of the undertaking.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Earl Harold,—a Tragedy in Five Acts. 8vo. pp. 108. Fraser.

TRAGEDY is the highest walk of poetic literature,—in no branch of which, but especially in this, is mediocrity honourable or admissible. As it is not sufficient for a man to lay before the world a few verses in order to be acknowledged as a poet,—so it is not enough that one should unite a mass of dialogue in five acts, to be deemed a tragic writer. In other branches of literature mediocrity may rise even to a high station and respectability:—but the poet must be *aut Caesar aut nullus*, the possessor of a soul far elevated above those of his fellow mortals, a man of restless and sensitive passions, acute observation and lofty imagination, one who "lives, moves, and has his being" in a moral world swayed indeed by the good and bad passions of humanity but not polluted and rendered disgusting by the low and brutalizing peculiarities of real individual men. A poet must be this;—but a tragic poet must be yet more. He must not only create high and noble characters,—not only endow them with all their respective attributes and make them act throughout in complete harmony with his first intention or conception; but he must group them, bring them into collision, make them play the great game of life one against another,—a task easy enough for the modern novelist with his common-place conceptions, but extremely difficult for him, who has to deal with spiritualized characters, and whose sole business is vividly to portray the passions as the collision of characters gives opportunities for their display. Be well assured, gentle reader, that it is no easy task to write a TRAGEDY.

Let it not be supposed, however, that in making these didactic remarks on tragic composition, we have inserted them either as a prefatory eulogy or a condemnatory introduction to the notice that the *anonymous* tragedy styled "Earl Harold" demands from us. To class the author with those great spirits of our own day, who produced "Sardanapalus," "Ion" and "Rienzi" would be to give him a place before Sheridan Knowles, who is to him—"as Hyperion to a Satyr." But—not further to prejudge the matter, we shall state the case in due form and produce the evidence on which our judgment is to be formed.

The bastard son of a feudal prince,—one who is "nature's child and not wedlock's," is—as he terms it—defrauded of his rights

"And sent down to the world with Cain's disgrace
Or bad as that, with bastard on his forehead."

Hence he passionately pronounces marriage to be a damnable and unnatural custom and ends by cursing it and "its damning fruits" in the person of a younger brother the inheritor of the father's estate. If united with this congenital source of misery, we could trace any fountains of a noble nature mingling with the waters of bitterness and sin in the character of Earl Harold,

we might perhaps pity him;—but he is a cool ruthless villain without a single redeeming quality—a creation equally unpleasing and unnatural. The author had evidently Macbeth before him, when he was sketching out the character of Harold; and he has so closely followed that splendid drama not only in the plan but in words also as to subject himself to the accusation of *gross plagiarism*. Clumsily however has the work of imitation been performed. The gross and cruel features of Harold are those of a gross and unrefined nature,—while Shakspeare's portrait is that of a man who would be great, but "is too full o' th' milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way,"—of one not without "black and deep desires," but too noble to give them sway, except by holy means,—of one, who at length falls, conscience-stricken all the while, by the influence of a remorseless and satanic wife and accomplice goading on a weak and pliant nature to deeds of direct cruelty and vaulting ambition.—But it is too great a compliment to the author of "Harold" to carry the contrast further. To go on with the story—the wicked hero meets a wizard (*very like three witches*) who prophesies his future greatness and points out the easy means by which it may be acquired. Harold's half-brother and deadly enemy (*like Duncan*) passes a night in his castle,—and the host cruelly abuses his office by hiring ruffians to murder him. A soliloquy, not without talent, though scarcely new in spirit to those who are familiar with Macbeth, may here relieve the dulness of narration.

"Mortal, farewell! farewell!—he said farewell!
I too will say farewell! Farewell to what?
To quiet, ease, and rest, and calm of mind;
And sleep, that soothes our troubled waves within,
And throws a calm upon our heaving souls!
Farewell to virtue! farewell to its joys!
Content, religion, and its holy thoughts!
Farewell to solitude, and that sweet voice—
That inward monitor when we're alone,
Which sounds more sweet than music to the soul!
Farewell to all these joys! and in their place
Hail, horror, hail! hail, depth profound of hell!
Hail, lean-faced anguish! hail, quivering despair!
Hail, bloody horror! hail, cancer of remorse!
Hail, sting of thought! vitality of pain!
All hail, from one who changes now his being,
And enters irrecoverably for life!
Come, cursed thoughts! come, murderer's hard heart!
Come, courage I have not! come, maddening dreams!
Oh! come ye, all that drive us on to sin,
And make me do a deed I yet abhor!—
A murderous crime! a damned fratricide!"

The gipsy-wizard, (who seems to enact in his own person the parts of Lady Macbeth and the witches also,) having goaded on his dupe to murder his brother and his brother's wife besides, still further tries to urge him to the murder of the orphan whom his own wife in pity has adopted as her own. This scene is worthy of extraction, though rather long.

"GIPSY.

Are we not men;
Same blood; same form; same mind; same sense of wrong;
Same sense of scorn; same sense of injured merit?
Up, then, and on him! not on him alone!
Ay, all his family! all of his blood!
From high to low, both young, and rich, and poor!
This, now, is human courage; this the mind;
And this the difference 'twixt the brutes and men.

The duke and wife are dead ; the child must die !
 Harold, his wife and child, too, they must die !
 Death alone, implacable, stern death,
 Can soothe the memory of our injured tribe.

Enter LORD HAROLD.

HAROLD.

Hail, prophet ! hail !

GIPSY.

What would'st thou now ?

HAROLD.

To read my further fate.

GIPSY.

Oh, little crediting, vain creature of dust !
 You've found my words, then, true ?

HAROLD.

Not on the whole.

GIPSY.

Is not the duke, thy brother, dead and gone ?
 Is not the mother cold, too, as a stone ?
 And art thou not the heir ?

HAROLD.

The child yet lives.

GIPSY.

And how long will it live ? It has escaped ;
 I know what you would say : then, let it die,
 If not in fact, yet in the mind of men.
 Give out the child was found dead in the fields,
 And have a coffin made, and make a form
 Of burying it in deed. Though it doth live,
 Time must elapse before it doth arrive
 To years fit for revenge : meanwhile, a hand,
 A small dagger, may make the fiction true.

HAROLD.

Your words are horrible !

GIPSY.

Are not your deeds ? Look, look at what you've done ;
 You've murdered, sir, the duke ; you've slain his wife ;
 You've seized his land, and made yourself the duke,
 If not in deed, yet in your inward soul.
 Where is your courage gone ? Are you a man ?
 Have you a spirit, of which you used to boast ?
 You've run a desperate game ; you've staked your life,
 Your conscience, and your soul's eternal worth,
 In aiming at a goal, now in your grasp,
 And yet a flea withholds you in your way.

HAROLD.

I loathe to hurt the child ; there is in youth
 A guard so strong of innocence's form ;
 It looks on you and dares you to the deed ;
 Your soul doth faint, and turns, dead-sick, away.

GIPSY.

But yet you slayed the wife.

HAROLD.

And, God forbid that I should do so more
 If you had seen how calm and sweet she looked,
 Yourself had turned away : I have a courage ;
 A courage that is fierce upon the field.

I'd challenge any man; and would not faint
To see the field all covered with gore;
But, to destroy a woman in her sleep,
Is more than I could do.

GIPSY.

You did so once.

HAROLD.

I heard her say I was the murderer;
I turned my head away, and smothered her.
And then she said, 'Lord! mercy take on me;'
Although, methought, I wanted it the most.

GIPSY.

Away! you are a woman, full of fears;
Your nature trembles at the sound of death;
You are not fit for me.

HAROLD.

I will away.

GIPSY.

I had thought better of your trembling mind.

HAROLD.

Then, go away; I cannot murder it.

GIPSY.

Your hands thereof are clean; for I'll do it:
I'll see it done, when we have found the child.
Go, now, give out the child is dead and cold,
And seize the crown, the palace, and the lands.

HAROLD.

So do I wash mine hands clear of the blood.

[Exit.

GIPSY (solus).

*That child shall live, and be a stumbling-block
For Harold to fall o'er. That time shall do;
No one shall then be spared; and they shall fall
All by each other's hands."*

Suspitions arise of Harold's guilt, and "confirmations strong as holy writ" give them strength and currency. Gloster, a brother both of the murdered and the murderer, convinced partly by the conscience-stricken confessions of the murderer, becomes the champion of the preserved orphan and attaints Harold of foul murder before the King, daring him to single combat in proof of his innocence. The challenged party, urged by his familiar spirit—the gipsy, accepts the challenge, fights, disarms his opponent and most unaccountably *turns giddy and falls exclaiming*.

"The hand of God—I feel not that of man!

I am guilty!—Confession comes too late."

The last scene of the play is one of mourning;—and such a whining production it is, that it might very well have been omitted.

Such is a very brief outline, in which we have partly vindicated our charge of plagiarism.

It would be easy to extend our remarks; but quite enough has been adduced to prove that this tragedy does not furnish proofs that its author possesses an original genius. That he has talent, is evident; but he possesses not the high requisites of tragedy.

HISTORY.

Galeries Historiques de Versailles, publiques per l'ordre de S. M.
Louis Phillippe 1st. Par Ch. Gavard. Paris 1837. Imported by
H. Kernot.

By converting the palace of Versailles, that striking monument of Louis XIV.

and his age, into a public museum wherein art is to be entirely devoted to the national history, Louis Philippe has completely identified his name with, and may be considered as in some measure the second founder of that extensive pile. Hardly could he have devised any scheme for keeping it up, that would have been equally popular, since both the building itself and its contents will flatter that self-esteem in which the French have never been deficient as a people. When completed, this museum will not only be unique in its kind, but one of the most extensive in Europe. Already it contains 1110 Portraits, 784 Pictures, and 430 Statues and Busts; and it is computed that the entire line along which these are distributed, is equal to 30,000 French feet, or about six miles English measure!

What advantages may in time accrue both to artists and the public generally from the sources of study opened by such a collection we do not undertake to predict; but even should its results in that respect fall short of what may have been anticipated, it has already produced an important one in the publication we are about to notice, and which is almost indispensable to those who would make themselves fully acquainted with the contents of the museum. Of this work there are two separate editions brought out simultaneously,—one in folio with engravings etched on a large scale; and a second in a more expensive form, which, in addition to the plates themselves, will be illustrated with a number of wood-cuts representing various architectural details and ornaments, articles of furniture and similar objects, so as to bring before the eye all that either contributes to the splendour of Versailles, or is interesting on account of the historical reminiscences attached to it. And of this former abode of royalty it may fairly be affirmed that it offers reminiscences in almost every one of its apartments, and at almost every step. Considering the vast number of subjects, it might be imagined that if not interminable, the work could proceed but very slowly, and be liable to frequent delays, especially as the plates of one edition will not be employed for another. But the execution as regards both making the drawings and afterwards transferring them to copper or steel will be expedited and facilitated in an extraordinary degree by the *Diagraph*, an instrument of M. Gavard's invention. By means of this, it appears that copies may be taken with unerring precision of pictures or other objects even upon a scale not exceeding one-fiftieth of their actual magnitude; and that, too, not only upon paper, but upon the surface afterwards to be engraved on. This instrument, which, if its advantages be not greatly exaggerated, will, when brought into more general use, create almost a new epoch in graphic art, is also applicable to taking views either of landscapes or buildings, and enables the draftsman to distinguish and accordingly trace, whenever desirable, the most complicated and minute details—even such as are invisible to the naked eye! Were it not for such invention the present work, it is stated, would have occupied full fifty years to execute, whereas its completion is now promised within less than six from its commencement. When finished it will undoubtedly be one of extreme interest, not merely on account of the numerous works of art represented in it, but also for the abundance of historical and biographical information it will contain, including a description and history of the palace itself by Jules Janin.* The livraisons already published contain ground plans of the edifice, with interior views of the chapel, the grand staircase, and the gallery of statues and busts; there are likewise several specimens of sculpture, which we prefer to the generality of the other subjects; yet it should be observed that none of the choicest pictures have yet appeared, the conductors of the work being more anxious to do justice to such productions as demand greater care and skill in the execution than to bring them forward in order to allure subscribers. Among them are the Battle of the Pyramids; the Capitu-

* Zinkeisen has lately given a very copious memoir on the subject of the palace of Versailles in the last volume of Von Raumer's *Historisches Taschenbuch*.

lation of Madrid; the Coronation of Charles X; the Battle of Marengo, and many other *chefs d'œuvre* of the modern French school. It may therefore confidently be presumed that so far from there being the least falling off, the work will increase in value and interest as it proceeds. In so vast a collection it can hardly happen otherwise than that there must be much which, taken individually, possesses no very great merit in itself; yet in a case like the present, those productions, which if detached from the rest would be unimportant, contribute towards the aggregate value of the museum, since they are all made to bear upon one common aim,—namely, that of illustrating the history of France, both in remote and in recent times. Owing to this, a certain uniformity of interest will be kept up in the letter-press likewise; and the whole together will form an extensive gallery of *souvenirs*—or we might term it an historical cyclopædia wherein we find “l’histoire de France en action,” and both facts and persons represented in such manner as to impress themselves upon the memory almost spontaneously, certainly without any other effort than that of consenting to be amused, and not unfrequently delighted.

EDUCATION.

Rhynd's Elements of Geology and Physical Geography. Post 8vo.
Frazer. Edinburgh: Smith and Elder.

THE facts of Geology are so important, as respects its connexion with the practical sciences, that it ought not to be neglected in general education. Physical geography is inseparable from Geology, and the former constitutes the basis of all correct notions respecting the Earth and its inhabitants. Mr. Rhynd has done well to bring out this compact little manual of geological facts, which has been examined with some care by a person whose pursuits are similar to those of the author, and is pronounced to be a judicious and correct compilation of acknowledged truths. The vocabulary or glossary at the end is useful, but might have been more elaborated with great advantage. When another edition is called for, we hope that the author will look into *Hoffmann's Europa und seine Bewohner*, vol. i.—where he will find much that will suit his purpose.

THE MUSIC AND DRAMA

FOR SEPTEMBER.

THIS season of the year generally calls the attention of the musical critic from the metropolis to the provinces. It is at present our duty to give some account of the Birmingham festival—to describe its arrangement, and to ascertain the amount of positive good conferred by it on the interests of national music. This great music meeting commenced on the 19th instant, and continued during four days,—closing with a *fancy ball* (!!!) on the 22nd. In a pecuniary point of view there is great reason to believe, that the result has been on the whole very satisfactory:—how far satisfactory it has been in other respects the following observations are intended to show.

The Tuesday morning meeting commenced—after a new national anthem in quartett had been sung—with NEUKOMM's oratorio of the *Ascension*, founded on Klopstock's *Messiah*. Of the real merits of Neukomm as a sacred composer, enough may be gathered from the fact, that none of his works, with the exception of two or three songs, has established a respectable position in England. By his *David*, three years ago, he evinced his utter incompetency to hold the rank to which ambition led him to aspire; and by the wretched exhibition of last week he only proved, that the unfavourable opinion entertained of him was not more severe than truth required. It seems, indeed, strange, that after the marked failure of the *David*, and the strong expressions of disapprobation then made, the managers should have ventured on another production of the same composer. The *Ascension* was a very dull affair indeed,

and threw a gloomy stupor over the audience, from which all the unmeaning noise of its concerted pieces could not fully awaken them. It can scarcely be repeated in this country. A selection of sacred compositions followed, which in some measure compensated for the opiate administered by M. Neukomm. The Handelian choruses, "Your harps and cymbals sound," and "See the proud chief," were admirably given; and it would have been well if more of such heaven-inspired strains had been substituted for the third-rate novelties, that served to fill five-sixths of the whole bill of fare. With respect to the solo parts, it is most distressing to see the grand compositions of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart murdered by such as Albertazzi and Tamburini, whose education and national prejudices wholly incapacitate them from doing justice to the *severely grand* order of music. Still they might have been schooled into something like propriety by those who do know how it ought to be sung. Grisi understands these things much better. MENDELSSOHN'S extemporaneous performance on the organ formed the chief and only novel feature of the evening concert; and certainly his powers as an organist and an instrumental improvisatore are of the very highest character. That he has studied in the school of BACH and HANDEL cannot be doubted by any one familiar with the figures of the former and the symphonies of the latter; but enough matter of an original character still remains to justify his claim of being thought an original musician.

The great attraction of Wednesday was Mendelssohn's oratorio of *St. Paul*, which was produced last year at the Liverpool festival and was repeated more recently by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall. Produced as it was under the author's personal direction, and with the first performers to exhibit its beauties, it was seen undoubtedly to the greatest advantage; and it well deserved such distinguished aids and appliances, for it is a first-rate production, exhibiting the strongest proofs of sublime and original genius. Though conversant with the works of his great predecessors, and manifesting a decided preference for the style of Handel, whom he holds up to himself as the sun, whose beams he may reflect but never outshine, the author of *St. Paul* still possesses an individuality as a composer which successfully protects him from the charge of plagiarism which has been rather hastily brought against him by a leading weekly journal. That it is a learned work, founded on a profound acquaintance with the German school of music, will be freely conceded; but it is somewhat too much to say that it is "very often Handel himself—not only the spirit, but the letter." The writer of these remarks has heard the music, both in public and in private, and has had opportunities of judging that give him confidence in deprecating the condemnation of our contemporary. The oratorio was followed by a miscellaneous act, whose length together with the oratorio extended the performance to a late hour. *Semiramide* was played at the theatre in the evening, and a miscellaneous concert concluded the day's entertainments.

Thursday morning was devoted to the everlastingly-to-be-repeated *Messiah* of HANDEL. That it is a work fully worthy of its great author we do not mean to deny, nor do we feel any want of enthusiasm on hearing its inspiring strains; but that it is his greatest, or only great work, we are certain is not correct, and if this be true, no good reason can be urged why other entire oratorios should not be performed as well as the *Messiah*. Where is the *Solomon*—the *Saul*—the *Deborah*—the *Jephthah*—the *Judas Maccabæus*—the *Acis and Galatea*? Where are all these splendid monuments of musical genius?—On the shelves of the concert managers, who are too indolent to take them down and exhibit their riches to an admiring public:—but this must not, cannot continue. If professional men will adhere to the dull routine prescribed by their own laziness, amateurs will show them the way, and remove the dust of neglect which has too long been allowed to accumulate on the greatest works of Handel and other giants of the olden time. The performance, so far as regards the chorus and the band, was every thing that could have been de-

sired. No wavering or unsteadiness was at all perceptible;—each one was perfect in his part, and all played in unison and with precision. The solo parts were badly allotted, and Braham's absence was severely felt. Hobbs ought to have had Braham's opening recitative, "He shall feed his flock;" but somehow or other it got into Bennett's hands,—and it was ruined. Mrs. Knyvett proved her fast-coming incompetence in nearly every song that fell to her share, and compelled us to look back with regret on the days when Mrs. Salmon and Miss Stephens filled the place to which ambition now leads the late Miss Travis. The music generally allotted to Phillips—and at other times divided between him and E. Taylor—was partly given over to Machin, who bawled it most magnificently. "Why do the nations," lost nearly all its beauty by being taken out of Phillips's hands.

The Friday's entertainments consisted chiefly of HÄSER'S *Triumph of Faith*, an oratorio founded on the story of Sophronia and Olindo in Tasso's *Gierusalemme Libertata*, the words being "done into English" by Ball from the German of Moltke. It would be kind to the composer to pass it over without notice; but justice compels us to observe, that it was a most vapid and common-place affair, not only deficient in, but totally void of that grandeur and seriousness which should characterize sacred music. It is essentially a little composition,—full of all that gewgaw and tinsel ornament that belongs to the theatre and not to the Church, totally inappropriate to the subject, and more properly termed the fragment of an opera than an oratorio. How the managers could ever dream of producing such balderdash, we are at a loss to discover.

The other parts of the entertainment were more consistent with good taste. Mendelssohn astonished the audience by a splendid performance of one of Sebastian Bach's preludes and fugues, which most completely brought out the powers of the Birmingham organ, as well as proved the surpassing grandeur of Bach's conceptions;—some pieces were given from the *Passions-musik* of the same author (which, by the way, is scarcely known by name in this country);—the opening chorus from Handel's *Deborah* was extremely well executed, and called forth the loudest plaudits. Of the songs, which were of an extremely miscellaneous character, it is not necessary to make any further notice. Mendelssohn's playing was the great feature, by which the audience would recollect the day's entertainment,—nor is it too much to say that it was "the most perfect exhibition of the entire festival."

After so much description a few words may be ventured in the way of remark; and we shall be as brief as possible. The present festival convinces us that the managers are not influenced by those high motives that ought to actuate men placed in their station. There is much jealousy, intrigue and jobbing; and to this cause may be assigned the inferiority of this year's exhibition. The managers, besides, seem to act, as if they thought that the public taste always required novelty, and as if bad *new* music were to an English audience infinitely preferable to the best, if more than two or three years old:—on this plea, only can we account for the introduction of Newkomm's and Häser's very inferior compositions,—compositions so bad as to be disgraceful to the festival. With respect to the singers, the charge of jobbing cannot be evaded. Why did Knyvett the conductor keep out of the way Mrs. Bishop, Madame Caradori Allan, and Miss Hawes,—and why did he make his own wife first woman singer? Did he consider the last superior to the other three? The musical world do not and cannot think so highly of Mrs. Knyvett's vocal powers. The instrumental and choral parts were performed throughout quite *à merveille*, and call for the highest praise. We would that the symphonies of the great composers of Germany had taken the place of many inferior instrumental pieces which the talents of the band tried in vain to make attractive.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Three new pieces have been produced at this little house of entertainment

during the past month; but none of them, as we fear, is destined to survive the few first nights during which their novelty gives them toleration. We are glad, however, to be able to congratulate Mr. Webster on the increase of spirit observable in the management since he has taken it into his hands, and we may suggest to him at the same time the expediency of adopting another measure of reform much needed—that is, a proper attention to what the French call *mise de scene*. He cannot set before him a better model than Madame Vestris. But to proceed with our notice.—

Sept. 5.—Power's drama of "*St. Patrick's Eve*," is a pretty but not very novel anecdote taken from the history of Frederic the Great. Major O'Doherty (Power) violates a regimental order by lighting a lantern after curfew to write a billet-doux for a brother officer on the Eve of St. Patrick; and he is discovered by the testy old king himself,—who however, moved by the entreaties of the lady for whom the letter was intended, connives at O'Doherty's escape. The Irish major is finally enabled to recompense the king's generosity by saving him from treacherous imprisonment. The story is, as it will appear, meagre enough, and is as full of improbabilities, as so short a piece can well be; but nevertheless, Power's droll mixture of fun and grief, smiles and sadness, and Mrs. Tayleure's *unusually* good acting of Blitz's wife put the audience in excellent humour, which no doubt will continue, as long as a Power can be found to make *much* out of *little* or *nothing*. The dresses, as they always are at this theatre, were as bad and as dirty as possible, and were more fit for May-day chimney-sweeps than respectable actors. The management should see to this.

Sept. 15.—"*The Queen of the Beggars*," by Mr. Serle, is a pretty romantic melodrama; but the clumsy way in which the plot is worked out, and the inequality of the interest in different parts will most probably prevent it from reaching any thing beyond a very brief existence. The story is shortly this:—Rowland Ormsby (Elton), the supposed illegitimate son of Lord de Burgh, is persecuted by his younger brother, and is tempted to fly from home and join a band of beggars. About this time the chief of the gang dies, and his daughter Margaret becomes their queen. The play opens with a mock-coronation, after which her vagrant ministers (Strickland, Webster and Buckstone) recommend her to choose a husband from among her subjects. The youthful sovereign (Miss Huddart,) who has already become enamoured of Rowland Ormsby, makes choice of him; but he declines the proffered honour much to the sorrow of his dulcinea. He ventures, however, to give her his confidence and declares himself other than he seems to be. Just at this time some of the gang discover in the boxes of the late king a paper of great value, which would procure them a rich reward if presented to the young Lord de Burgh—the unprincipled brother of Rowland;—this paper is a certificate of marriage between Lord de Burgh and the mother of Rowland. The beggar (Webster) makes a copy and takes it to the young noble, who on being refused the original which is concealed by Margaret, arrests the whole gang and sends them to "*durance vile*." The heroic resolution of the vagrant queen not to divulge the spot of its concealment, stirs up the darkest passions of De Burgh; and he employs an assassin to murder her. She makes her escape from the burning prison after a successful struggle with a dastardly enemy, runs to the forest, finds the document and brings it in just soon enough to vindicate Rowland's claim. Of course, poetic justice requires that she should turn out to be a lady of gentle blood. She proves to be De Burgh's cousin;—and then, very naturally, a marriage terminates the piece. Miss Huddart's acting is beautiful. In the former part her *naïve* simplicity and ill-assumed dignity more than once reminded us of Miranda,—and ever and anon our thoughts turned to the wild regal state of the fairy Titania. Her impassioned acting in the latter scenes fairly electrified the audience. Webster acted his part better than usual,—and he would act better still, if he would be content with the features that God has given him and leave off making such horrible grimaces. The same advice

might with equal justice be given to Buckstone, who seems to consider wit and grimace as synonymous terms.

Sept. 20.—Mr. Power favoured us with a comedy from his own pen called *Etiquette, or a Wife for a blunder*,—and a very farcical laughter-exciting piece it is. The droll and absurd positions—in which *Dennis O'More* is placed by his good-natured attempts to serve his friend in getting the father's consent for his marriage with Louisa Forester—form the gist and marrow of the piece. A double elopement, too, gives a laughable bustle to the action, which is well kept up by the excellent acting of Power, Webster and Mrs. Humby. The first as the goodhearted careless blundering Irishman,—the second, as a sly roguish, unprincipled servant, and the last, as an arch, intriguing lady's maid, contrived to support the interest of the piece wholly among themselves;—for of the rest of the actors the less that is said, the better. Mr. Strickland murdered a very good character, that would have been doubly excellent in Farren's hands, and poor Mr. Selby seemed as little at home as ever in the Captain. The latter should certainly eschew things theatrical henceforth and for ever, for he has altogether mistaken his *métier*. We might perhaps say more of this funny, but very faulty farce; but as it was only acted once, it is scarcely necessary to make a more extended notice.

Before quitting the affairs of the Haymarket, we ought to mention that Farren chose "The School for Scandal" for his benefit,—Charles Mathews being the *Charles Surface* and Madame Vestris the *Lady Teazle* of this great—truly great comedy. Neither seemed to understand the nature of their parts; and if Madame was at all less ridiculous than her youthful associate, it was owing not to her more correct conception of the difficult character that she assumed, but to the ease and lady-like elegance, of which she cannot divest herself either on or off the stage. Charles Mathews has got a vile trick of wriggling his body and limbs that reminds us of one afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. If he thinks that such contortions are agreeable or appropriate, he is assuredly mistaken. Of Farren's *Sir Peter* the whole play-going public speak the well-merited praises, and of Mrs. Glover's *Mrs. Candour* we need only to make bare mention, in order that our readers may be satisfied that the part was in the best hands. Elton took the *Joseph Surface* and had every opportunity for showing his ability, if any he possessed;—but he was throughout stiff, feeble and ineffective. He is quite incompetent to take the first tragic business at a London theatre; and we fear that his pride will not bend to the useful but more humble walks of the drama better suited to his mediocre talents.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Sept. 4.—"The Exile of Genoa," which was produced on the evening just mentioned and has since lingered through a miserable existence is an opera,—the dialogue by a nameless gentleman, who would derive no advantage from being better known, and the music by a Mr. Schmidt—a German, who not only admires but imitates—nay pilfers from Mozart and Weber. There is some good music in the piece,—especially a quartett and chorus in the first act, and the opening chorus of the fishermen in the second:—the latter is unquestionably Weber and not Schmidt. We have however far less fault to find with the composer than with the playwright of this precious farrago of bombastic nonsense. We shall leave the reader to decide the latter gentleman's merits from the following sketch of the plot.

Anselmo, the exile, is living in a very pretty spot, following the avocation of a fisherman, and amusing his leisure with loving his daughter Florentine, and cursing the Doge Galvani, who has banished him: he has another companion in his solitude, who also partakes in the tender part of his enjoyment, but has no taste for the more severe amusement; and when he is invited in a friendly way to join in cursing all bearing the name of Galvani, he takes the liberty of objecting—for the very natural reason that he is Galvani's son. Galvani junior, however, reconciles himself to the anathematizing Anselmo,

by driving a party of soldiers encumbered with long spears, whom his father sends to take the exile, but who stand no chance against a body of sailors in canvass suits and red nightcaps. And now a terrible storm arises; a ship is wrecked; Florentine puts off to assist the crew, and returns bringing a white-headed old gentleman in spangles, who proves to be the Doge. Anselmo relapses into his old habit of swearing; and the Doge is very frightened, and kneels down begging forgiveness. Anselmo, having exhausted his oaths, makes it up with Galvani senior, and lets Galvani junior have his daughter: and then the whole party join in a chorus of gratulation.—Such is the nonsense, with which managers propose to amuse the summer play-goers!!!

Sept. 14.—A crowded house was collected here this evening to see two new pieces—"The Highland Cateran," and "The Spitfire." The former is an old Edinburgh piece yclept "Gilderoy," with no other change but that of mere name,—and it owes its existence to Mr. Murray. It is a very excellent melodrama and certainly pleased us better than any that we have seen in late years at the minor theatres. Its name shews it to be a Highland piece:—it is the story of the loves and misfortunes of *Macdonald* a freebooter (Brindal) and of *Lilias* Logan a farmer's daughter. The Cateran is betrayed by his rival to the soldiers of Cromwell, and is pursued like a wild beast over the Highlands. *Jock Muir* a Highland shepherd (represented with admirable talent by M'Ian who must henceforward rank very high in his profession) assists him in his perilous adventures and successfully opposes physical force by ready wit and cunning. The enemies are defeated, the rival is killed, the father of *Lilias* is saved from death, and the persecuted Highlander becomes the fortunate husband of the devoted *Lilias*. Brindal played his part with great spirit; but every thing in the piece sinks into paltry insignificance before M'Ian, who transports us at once, bodily as it were, to the dark glen of the Highland. We know not, but we hope that M'Ian is engaged for Covent Garden,—for we should much like to see his "Dougal creature" in "Rob Roy."

"The Spitfire" is an extravaganza by young Morton, the humour of which consists in the consternation of a landsman—one Tobias Shortcut, tobacconist—who by an odd conjuncture of circumstances is obliged to take on himself the office of Captain to the Spitfire frigate, and to perform the—to him unpleasant—duty of attacking a French privateer. The awkward dilemmas in which the landsman is placed by such unusual events, give rise to many comic situations, of which Mr. Compton took ample advantage. He is decidedly an acquisition to the London stage, and although he wants the ease and mellowness which only long practice can give, he has the essential materials for becoming a first-rate comic actor. The scene on board the Spitfire was quite *impayable*, and kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. The farce deserves a longer life than the brief season of the English opera can allow it. We hope to see Mr. Compton at a larger theatre, and better supported.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we again notice the brilliant career so successfully pursued by Mrs. Waylett in the theatrical world. Her's is no ordinary talent, nor is her merit to be lightly weighed in the scale of judgment and taste. Of no celebrated living actress does she so much remind us, as of Jenny Colver, the beautiful ballad-singer at the *Opera Comique* in Paris. Mademoiselle Colon has more talent as an *artiste* than Mrs. Waylett, but we question whether as a ballad-singer the latter does not bear away the palm from the former. The one is not so natural as the other, in their respective *roles*; but Mrs. Waylett could not meet the parts usually given to Jenny Colon. They are both women of ability, personal charms, and endowed with sweet voices; and cannot fail to be mutually flattered by the comparison we have ventured to draw between them.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes."—HORACE.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM, ITS WONDERFUL EFFECTS AND ITS USELESSNESS AND IMMORALITY.—A French baron, an *animal-magnetizing apostle* of twenty years' practice, has lately come to London to teach an enlightened and free English public the laws and effects of this supernatural science—we should rather say *the art of deluding the public*. According to M. LE BARON DUPOTET DE SEVENNEVOY, a new power has been revealed to the world, by whose means the most extraordinary phenomena are produced, the cure of many diseases that have resisted every remedy in ordinary medicine is obtained, and even a supernatural intelligence and knowledge are imparted to any individual obedient to magnetism, who during the operation ceases to be the same person, because every thing is modified in his organization. This modern necromancer has won the recommendation and support of an English physician, who is very fond of innovation, and of whatever is almost incomprehensible, and who boldly acknowledges that he has little respect for authority when facts present themselves to his view. *The Lancet*, one of the best medical periodicals of Europe, has lately published a communication from the patronising physician, and another from the magnetizer himself. Through them we are informed that the French baron has been practising animal magnetism at the North London Hospital, upon three female patients, to convince the spectators of the wonderful effects of the science he professes. But we are truly surprised in learning that human beings, who resort to charitable institutions in order to be cured of disorders and diseases which afflict them, are compelled to undergo such a process of manipulation to gratify the curiosity of those who are willing to witness the wonderful effects of animal magnetism. From the reports published in *The Lancet*, we find that a girl, subject to epileptic fits, "was magnetized by the baron, and brought into a state of total insensibility,—that she was made to talk as ramblingly and as abusively as possible, and that, having been brought out of these attacks, she was perfectly unconscious of her having been so restless and so abusive. Another girl was sent into a state of coma, and, according to the statement of the physician, *no pricking with pins or pulling of her hair* could bring her out of her state. She also was compelled to speak all sorts of nonsense, to answer to several questions, and at last fell into a violent passion, and shook an individual who had offended her with great force, sitting down, and looking the picture of rage, her lips white, and trembling all over with passion. When the baron deigned to recall her to her senses, she also knew nothing of what had happened during the forced coma. The third girl experienced almost the same effects, to the great satisfaction of the manipulator, of his patron-physician, and of the spectators.

Now what we ask is simply this: Have those unfortunate girls of the North London Hospital recovered from their epileptic and hysterical attacks after having undergone such a treatment? No such a thing. The epileptic girl, however, has been freed from epileptic fits; but (mark this, gentle reader) has become a kind of ecstatic fool, being almost continually laughing, singing, dancing, and, by her mimicry and nonsense, amusing both her fellow-patients and those who visit the hospital. The other two remain in the same state as before the manipulation of the French baron.

Animal magnetism and phrenology, during the last thirty years, have been the subject of great ridicule, of partial investigation, and hitherto almost incomprehensible. Their partisans have not yet proved their usefulness, and their opponents found their opposition on reason and common sense. We are told by the magnetizers, that an ignorant person will understand, and speak, during his paroxysm, a language wholly unknown to him; that he will answer with exactitude to scientific, historical, and geographical questions, and

that *he will even prophesy the future*. Such a doctrine is truly a wonderful one, and we would not speak against it, were it not that magnetizers are, in our opinion, hurtful to the welfare both of the health and morality of our fellow-creatures. The celebrated physiologist, Magendie, who for the advancement of physiology was proved to be very cruel to animals, was expelled from England. Why should not Baron Dupotet be prevented from torturing uselessly human beings with his animal-magnetic tricks? It is the duty of those who subscribe to charitable institutions for the good of suffering humanity to see that the poor are not treated worse than the beasts, and we earnestly call their attention to what we have here related.

A VERY INTERESTING AND USEFUL DISCOVERY.—By the Belgian and French periodicals we have been informed that a profound and persevering mathematician and scientific gentleman of Brussels, M. William Van Eschen, has at last discovered the means of guiding and directing the course of balloons. It is asserted that his system is both simple and ingenious, and that an unexpected event, and a fact which appeared wholly chimerical has been realized by him: M. Van Eschen has, however, invented a new kind of balloon, with which he will be able, in the usual state of the atmosphere, to proceed at pleasure with the utmost rapidity; but in the case of contrary and violent winds, his balloon will not make rapid progress, but, like the steam-boats, it will resist the currents of air and obstacles, and even overcome them. We do not know whether M. Van Eschen has made any public experiment of his invention, and whether his scientific labour and calculations have been put to the test of the instability of the atmosphere. If his useful discovery is only based upon mathematical and mechanical suppositions, we fear lest his trial meet with the unforeseen failure of the safety-parachute of Mr. Cocking.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.—A Bavarian scientific and experimental chemist has invented a system by means of which telegraphic despatches can be forwarded both during the day and during the night, whether the atmosphere be serene or cloudy, whether the weather be clear or rainy. He has employed the electric fluid, and it appears that the experiments which have been made of his plan have met with success in his country. An English gentleman has proposed to government to establish such a system in England, but as he had not yet formed a *system of signs* by which the despatches could be both transmitted and interpreted, nothing yet has been decided.

MUCH ADO ABOUT TRIFLES.—The royal stud at Hampton Court consists of nearly eighty horses, mares, and colts, which, although by right the personal property of the reigning monarch, has been however always considered as an appendage of the crown. William IV., who was not only a sincere reformer, but a truly affectionate father, encumbered with a numerous family of children, having no direct and lawful claims on the public purse, like the rest of the royal pensioners of England, in his last will has made use of his right, and has bequeathed as personal property the royal stud at Hampton Court for the benefit of the Fitzclarences. We admire his paternal affection, although he has not imitated the generosity of his predecessors. The royal stud has consequently been offered for sale by auction, in order that the children of our late lamented monarch might obtain as much money as they possibly can. Scarcely such announcement became public, when a newspaper warfare began between the Ministerialists and the Conservatives; the latter have accused the Ministry of being determined to destroy the glory of England by sanctioning the public sale of the royal stud, while the former have militated in favour of that measure. But what has truly engrossed the importance of this horse-warfare, has chiefly been a letter that the Old English Gentleman, the sportman *par excellence*, Sir Francis Burdett, has addressed to Lord Melbourne on this subject. The worthy baronet does not think that what the English armies have achieved during the last thirty years has been the consequence of their natural valour and military discipline and knowledge, but that the horses have been the chief promoters of their trophies and gallantry. If

the English nation are satisfied with this opinion of Sir Francis, we wish them joy, and will not contradict the Old English Gentleman, but we will prove that if even the horses were really *one of the two thunderbolts of the English nation* upon whose strength and might rest the grandeur, wealth, and happy constitution of the English empire, there is no danger whatever in selling the royal stud of Hampton Court, supposing also that the eighty horses, mares, and colts, were all bought by foreigners at the public auction. In fact, there are about 2,000,000 horses in England, of the value of more than 25,000,000*l.* Of these the number charged with duty amounts to rather more than 310,000, the total amount of duty being about 430,000*l.* sterling. Not more than 1000 of these horses are *blood*, or *race* horses, contributing to the revenue only about 1500*l.* sterling, or a two hundred and twentieth part of the whole duty. Now when this is known, how can it be possible that the sale of *only eighty horses* out of 2,000,000 horses could do any injury to the propagation and improvement of horse-flesh and breed in England? In verity we can only explain the cause of so much waste of time, ink, and paper in carrying on for more than a fortnight the royal-stud warfare, by attributing it to the want of better subjects for entertaining the public, in doing which the mighty Herculean editors of the press have degraded their sublime station by placing themselves on a par with their humble contributors—the *penny-aligners*.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

THE past month has been rich in the publication of the results of scientific research. The British Association has just finished its annual meeting, held this year in the flourishing town of Liverpool, at which all the men of science of our own country, as well as several eminent foreign philosophers, were present, among the rest the chemist Gay Lussac. This admirable institution had its origin in the exertions and success of the German philosophers in the establishment of an annual Scientific Congress, to which all the savans of the continent proceeded every year to make known their discoveries, and to concert plans and operations to be pursued in common for the advancement of scientific knowledge and useful research. To this meeting come the subjects of the various continental states, and those who were usually separated by the obstacles of distance and political distinction, mingled together under the humanizing and delightful influence of social intercourse. Stimulated by the success of their German brethren, the men of science in Britain determined upon the establishment of a similar institution, to which the philosophers of the different countries, united by the joint bonds of political allegiance and similarity of language, might bring their discoveries; and by discussion upon the different branches of science to which each was attached, render an united effort for the furtherance of scientific discovery easy in the performance and certain in the result. At the meetings of the Association papers have been read detailing researches not only in Britain, but in India, in America, and other parts of the globe, enlarging our knowledge of the geology, the botany, the statistics, and natural phenomena, not only of the vast and luxuriant tracts of Hindustan and Southern America, but carrying that knowledge to the barren and inhospitable regions of the north, where nature seems almost paralyzed by an eternal mantle of cold. At the meeting just concluded the papers read were not inferior in importance and interest to those which have gone before, and most of the more popular facts and conclusions will be found in our present summary.—*Tides*.—The laws which regulate the phenomena of tides have received considerable attention from the British Association. A series of observations at upwards of 500 stations along the coast of Great Britain and Ireland, and from the mouths of the Mississippi to the northern extremity of

Europe. The discussion of these observations has led to many curious results; in particular, the establishment of the fact of *the rise of the mean level of the tides, in proportion to the fall of the barometer, and the existence of a diurnal tide*—that is, the difference between the morning and evening tides of the same day. Another important general inference has also been drawn from a connected series of observations on the tides,—*that there is one invariable mean height, common to neap and spring tides—the half tide mark*,—a point from which navigators, engineers, and geologists, will henceforth adjust their standards of comparison, and commence their calculations.

LITERATURE.—Persia.—In May last appeared the first number of a newspaper, “Printed at the palace of the government of Teheran;” it is lithographed, of a large folio size, and ornamented with the arms of Persia. A small portion of its columns is devoted to European news, and under the head of England the editor informs his readers that London is the capital of the kingdom, and that the Londoners are erecting enormous works for making beetroot sugar.—**Copyright.**—The council of the British Association has entered into a communication with M. Guizot, Minister of Public Instruction in France, and with Serj. Talfourd, with reference to the establishment of a law of universal copyright.

GEOGRAPHY.—Return of Captain Back.—The intelligence of the return of this daring officer and his intrepid crew, was communicated to the Geographical Society in a letter from the commander himself, which, from its interesting character, we quote rather fully,—merely premising that his ship, the *Terror*, sailed from England in June 1836.—“June 23. We took our departure from Papa Westra, and steered across the Atlantic—the weather stormy. * * Aug. 1. Passed through Hudson’s Straits, and on the 5th saw some of the company’s ships apparently beset with ice off the North Bluff. By keeping close in with the land we got a-head, and lost sight of them; and on the following day were ourselves hampered. * * Aug. 16. We got a run of forty miles from Trinity Isles, but did not get sight of Baffin Island till the 23rd; when we also saw Southampton Island to the south-west. * * Sept. 4. We were only 136 miles from Repulse Bay, and two days of a strong breeze would have led us through Frozen Strait to our destination. During the next fortnight we continued drifting slowly to the westward, passing within three miles of Cape Comfort—a bluff headland, rising about 1000 feet above the sea. * * Sept. 20. We were sincerely nipped by the ice, so much so as to start some of the ship’s fastenings. On the 22nd the ship was no longer under our guidance, but, being closely beset, was carried to and fro according to the wind and tide. * * Oct. 17. The thermometer fell to 9° below Fahrenheit. In the beginning of November the ship was housed in, and every arrangement made for meeting the rigour of the winter: snow walls were raised round the ship, and in this manner we drifted to and fro off the high land of Cape Comfort—at times carried so close to the rocks as to excite alarm for the safety of the ship. * * In the beginning of January during a calm, our floe of ice split with a fearful crash,—and this was the commencement of a series of shocks, that nothing but the great strength of the mass of timber and iron employed in fortifying the ship, could have withstood; as it was, the vessel strained in every direction.” After a series of narrow escapes from destruction, the ship was forced from the water upon the surface of the ice by the violent meeting of two masses. She remained in this position until the 21st of June, when the ice showed symptoms of disruption. “All hands were set to work with a 35 foot ice-saw worked by shears, and on the 11th of July, having sawed to within three feet, the floe split in a fore and aft direction, and liberated the larboard side; we immediately made sail in the ship, but found we could not liberate her from an iceberg between the fore and main chains. We again had recourse to saws and purchases, when a lump of ice still fast to the ship rose to the surface of the water, and threw the vessel on her beam ends, the water rushing in with frightful rapidity. All hands were instantly

set to work again, and laboured day and night unremittingly at the fatiguing but indispensable operation of sawing, till, exhausted by their exertions, I was obliged to call them from the ice for rest and refreshment. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed from quitting the work when a sudden disruption of the ice took place, and the mass crashed with terrific violence against the ship's side, snapping, apparently without effort, the lashings and spars that had been placed, fearing this occurrence; and, but for the merciful interposition of Providence, all would inevitably have been crushed by the mass of ice on which they had just been labouring. As the ice separated, the ship righted and drifted along. Finding it impossible to hang the old rudder, a spare one was fitted, and sail made on the ship:—it was an anxious moment, as we waited to see if she would answer her helm—and as she bore up before the wind, with her head towards England, a cheer of gratitude burst from all on board."

GEOLOGY.—Mr. Sedgwick has pointed out the singular phenomenon of a mountain, in the neighbourhood of Buttermere, which has the evident traces of a stream of water having once passed over the top of it.—*Glaciers.*—The movement of glaciers has been very ingeniously accounted for by means of hydrostatic pressure, arising from the lower part of the glacier being of a higher temperature than the upper; thus causing a melting of the under part and a consequent raising of the mass in a perpendicular direction to the earth's surface, while its descent is at right angles to the inclined surface—a progressive motion downwards ensuing, in accordance with the law of the resolution of forces.—*Geology of Spain.*—Dr. Traill continued at Liverpool the remarks he commenced at Dublin on the geology of Spain. The borders of Arragon present oolitic rocks; new red sandstone also occurs there, covered in some spots by a conglomerate; near Saragossa gypsum is found with limestone; and in the same vicinity are tertiary formations. On approaching the Pyrenees from Catalonia, rounded pebbles are very frequent, while alluvial beds occur. At Montserrat is clay slate with conglomerate resting on it, succeeded by sandstone dipping towards the valley containing the salt mines of Cordova; near the Pyrenees are veins of trap; on the Spanish side clay-slate and limestone occur, on the French side clay-slate only; granite occupying the centre.

ENTOMOLOGY.—*Poison Bug.*—Dr. Traill exhibited a specimen of the *Argas Persicus*, the poison-bug of Persia. It is not a true insect, but belongs to the order Arachnædi, genus Argas. Two districts of Persia are much infested by it, and to sleep exposed in these places is said to be certain death.

BOTANY.—A magnificent addition to the Flora of South America has been discovered by Mr. Schomburgk, who is now exploring the interior of that country. It is of a new genus allied to the water-lily, and was found during the traveller's progress up the river Berbice, in British Guiana; the leaves are from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim of light green above, and a vivid crimson below, resting upon the water; quite in character with the wonderful leaf is the luxuriant flower, consisting of many hundred petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink. The stem of the flower is an inch thick near the calyx, and is studded with sharp elastic prickles about three quarters of an inch in length. The diameter of the calyx is twelve to thirteen inches; upon it rests the magnificent flower, which is fifteen inches across, which, when fully developed, covers completely the calyx with its hundred petals. In addition to its beauty it is sweet-scented, and altogether forms a complete vegetable wonder.—*Rice in India.*—Colonel Sykes has made known four species of rice, the productiveness of which are most surprising; one seed actually producing thirty-three stalks and 61,380 grains.

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Miss Lawrance, author of "London in the Olden Times," is preparing for immediate publication, the Work on which she has been engaged for the last five years, entitled, "Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England, from the commencement of the twelfth to the sixteenth century," including a complete View of the Progress of Society, Literature, and the Arts, during that interesting period.

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In calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement respecting the "Lounger of the Metropolis," we beg to notice that we have seen and highly approved of the First Number, the component parts of which cannot fail to interest every class of readers. As we anticipated, the talented editor has well acquitted himself in his *debut* as a Journalist; and, if it be to him that we must give the credit of the scheme and plan of the paper, he is entitled to our warmest praise. In able hands like his, the "Lounger" may revive the days of Addison and Steele; and "The Guardian," "Tatler," "Spectator," &c. will exist once more in the pages of this new publication.